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BULLDOZER

"The only vehicle for prison reform"

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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ISSUE No. 2 SPRING 1981

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Communication And Repression

Bulldozer is about communication. Repression is the destruction of authentic communication. The state has the guns, the goons and lackies, the fences and concrete walls and the cages. To this we counter with our outrage, love, solidarity and the written word. There are few lasting victories in this struggle and many atrocities to relate. But it is the development of the networks, inside, outside and through the walls that give us all the strength and determination to continue.

The prison authorities like to operate in the shadows. In opposition to this we encourage our outside readers to develop personal contact with prisoners. Prisons cease to be an abstract issue of "human rights" when it is your friends who are subjected to the brutality and irrationalities of the penal system. Any of the writers in this journal would be pleased to hear from you. Write to them directly or through us. Prisoners and non-prisoners alike have much to learn from the world of the other.

We seek to reflect the struggle that is currently being waged in North American prisons. To some prisoners it is quite literally a matter of life or death. To others it is a question of retaining their pride and dignity as humans. We do not pretend to reflect the "average prisoner" in these pages. Rather we present the voice of those prisoners who see the need for change and are willing to do something about it. We will work with them to bring about that change.

Events are moving rapidly in the Canadian prison system; the Dorchester incident, the new proposals for preventative segregation for "potentially dangerous" prisoners, the introduction of more behaviour modification schemes. We hope to stay abreast of these developments and to this end, we will be coming out with smaller issues more frequently in the future.

We do not wish to limit ourselves to Canadian issues. Our concern for the genocide of the native people is shown in Standing Deer's material. There are many important struggles going on in the U.S. such as the trial of the Pontiac Brothers and the death sentences coming out of the Santa Fe insurrection about which we know little but which are a sign of the increasingly repressive times ahead. We would also like to publish material on some of the "reforms" that are being introduced to show the limitations that such reforms have.

We hope our correspondents will direct themselves to these issues and more importantly recommend possible actions. More than ever, we need a strategy to combat these changes. Such a strategy cannot be the product of political ideology understood in the narrow sense of the word. Rather it must incorporate a pragmatism based on experience of both victory

and defeat with a political insight and vision that will not allow us to be satisfied with half measures. There is no such thing as being half-free.

We appreciate the response that we recieved from our first issue. We do try to respond to as many letters as possible but neither our time nor our emotional energy is unlimited. We do like to hear about what is going on in the different joints, everything adds to our understanding of the broader situation. What we need most of all are good graphics, so if you doodle, send us the results.

And a note to any prison official who may be reading this. There should be no guilt by association. We carry letters from many prisoners and the views of one writer may not be shared by the others.

Finally, outsiders who are not part of prison support groups should let us know that they wish to continue to recieve our publication. Otherwise you will disappear in the upcoming purge of our mailing list. Your acknowledgement can take the form of a letter, money, posters, local papers or whatever you do. Send us names of others who may be interested in seeing the paper. Prisoners and support groups will continue to recieve the paper though we would like to hear from you as well.

We have changed our permanent address to P.O.B. 5052, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5W 1W4.

Men and Women
locked in cages
for the crime
of being human,
living in frustration
and horror
as brainwashed keepers
slowly strip them
of their dignity
and self-respect,
keeping them
off balance
with endless rules
and regulations
set out like traps
they can't escape,
until reality
becomes something
too heavy to bear,
and they become
like non-seeing children
creating little illusions
in which to hide.

Freddie Jo Morry

Clockwork Orange

This talk is supposed to be on the subject of prisoners' rights but when you scrape away all of the rhetoric fed to us by our politicians and free press, and get right down to the subject of rights as opposed to privileges, you will find that prisoners already have the same rights enjoyed by most citizens of Canada. Absolutely none at all. If the MacDonald Commission investigating R.C.M.P. wrong doing didn't prove anything else, it at least proved that. It also outlined to Trudeau what he would have to legalize in order to save his hired gunmen from future embarrassment.

In that respect, Trudeau is much trickier than Nixon. He gained his popularity by defending the asbestos miners in Quebec. How many asbestos miners have died from lung cancer since Trudeau was made Dictator of this potato republic? Many thousands. About one death for every million dollars he has since given to the mine owners to keep operating.

Not many years ago, a whole town was wiped out by a mud slide caused by mountains of slag surrounding the town. Engineers had already warned the government that it was going to happen. The people of that town were given the right to die, but not to live. They were never told of the warning. The mine owners had the right to kill them. Whether a tragedy like that will ever happen again is unknown but it is well known that every mining town in Canada is still surrounded by mountains of slag.

With that background, as well as the War Measures Act, it is small wonder that the men surrounding Trudeau think just like him. Kaplan is a good example of that. The political bootlickers in Ottawa want greater control over their merchandise, the prisoners, and our illustrious Solicitor-General is going to give them just that.



He's going to start by introducing his new family visiting program. He says he is introducing it in order to keep the prisoners with their families. Isn't that real noble of him? Naturally we are all supposed to be idiots enough to believe him. Like the government is always doing nice things for prisoners. The truth is, he wants to sell us our families. The only price he is asking is "Total Obedience". Isn't that really nice of him? He wants to sell me my wife.

As far as I know, my wife has never committed a crime in her life. Now, thanks to Mr. Kaplan, she has become a woman for sale. A prostitute. What does that make Mr. Kaplan?

He's a very ingenious fellow, our Mr. Kaplan. The crime pimps want greater control over prison-

ers and he's going to give it to them. They don't have enough already. The interior towers are armed with shotguns and 38 revolvers. They are looking at us now and they will be looking



at us any other time we are out of our cells. The outside towers are armed with rifles that can shoot into our cells. We are under the gun twenty-four hours a day. Make one threatening gesture and the crime pimps can blow our heads off. But that isn't enough control for them. They need more and the chief parasite in Ottawa is going to prepare it for them. When he does, they'll turn us all into vegetables.

I have a small pamphlet here that I would like to read. It concerns the new control measures that will soon be in effect and the men promoting them. They are trying to imply that each of the segments are unrelated policies. That is simply not true. They are all part of one package labelled "Total Control".

CANADA'S PENAL SYSTEM

Solicitor-General Kaplan:

Longer sentences for all prisoners, plus

Ast. Commissioner Westlake:

New seven stage security classification, plus

Ast. Commissioner Pisapio:

Conjugal visits, plus

Everyone:

New psychiatric complex at Collin's Bay,

Equals: Clockwork Orange

Irony: To be in operation for 1984

With these longer sentences, everyone sentenced to prison will need a parole to get out. And, of course, you will have to work through the new

stage system to be eligible for parole. It already works that way with the three stage system they have in operation at the present time. Maximum, medium and minimum security prisons. Actually, these new stages aren't really all that new. They have been trying to implement them since the prison opened here in April 1971. In fact, this prison was designed for it.

When this prison opened, they tried to have A unit as segregation, E unit a closed unit, and J unit an open unit. The prisoners wouldn't hold still for it. Every time they tried it, we either had a food strike, a sit-down, or a smash-up. Now they figure we won't dare protest the new stage system. They plan on holding our families as hostages. That's what conjugal visits are all about. The price to pay for our families is our souls. Protest any order and you lose your family.

They plan the first three stages right here at Millhaven. The fourth will be a medium security prison, and the fifth will be the aversion therapy at the new psychiatric unit for those the officials think need it. Which will be just about everybody. The sixth and seventh classifications will be minimum security and day parole as a testing ground for their therapy before being released on full parole. It will take at least ten years to work through these stages. At least ten years to turn you into a vegetable. As Mr. Westlake says, "anyone with a long sentence will have to spend a number of years under the strictest control".

For what purpose are they implementing this insanity? It certainly isn't to cut down on crime. In fact, it will only contribute to more serious crime. When you program the passions out of a human being, which is exactly what this new system is designed for, you are left with a zombie. And what is a zombie but a psychopath? A person that will maim or kill without compunction or regret.

Britain practiced lobotomies on their prisoners and that is exactly what happened. Aversion therapy, like lobotomies, is nothing more nor less than mind castration.

It isn't surprising at all that the penitentiary service wants greater control over prisoners. Prison is one of Canada's most profitable industries. It costs \$40,000.00 a year to keep a person in Millhaven. Of that cost, one dollar is spent for each meal. I eat approximately seven meals a week, or \$365 worth a year. My clothing costs the government less than \$50.00 a year. I don't know what it costs to heat my seven by ten foot cell, but it couldn't be more than a couple hundred dollars a year. I'm also forced to do slave labour. That means the penitentiary service makes over \$39,000.00 profit on my body each year. They don't make anything from my mind. Why not program it away. They'll have the profit making body and no mind to protest.

The same type of program has been tried in the United States, but was ruled illegal. The Supreme Court found it to be "cruel and unusual punishment". It won't be ruled illegal in Canada for three obvious reasons. Every prisoner will receive it so it won't be unusual. The people of Canada have no rights, and our Supreme Court is nothing but an extension of the liberal party. The latter reason is why the Diefenbaker "Bill of Rights" is about as useless as Trudeau's promise not to introduce wage and price controls.

It did lead the people to mistakenly believe they had rights though. Just like this little book from the Commissioner is supposed to lead us to believe that we have rights. Oh it has all kinds of rights listed. It also explains the remedial powers you have if a crime pimp violates them. You can lodge a grievance against the violator. Sometimes you even get a letter back in a few months that your grievance is being upheld. Wonderful! Now you can lodge the same grievance the next time the same crime pimp violates the same right. Most of you understand how it works. It's much the same as laying a complaint against a Toronto cop with the police complaints bureau. An exercise in futility. Very democratic though.



I can recall a very well publicized case that happened in Canada the first year I came into the federal system. Two kids, one fifteen and the other seventeen, were charged with the murder of a cab driver. The seventeen year old made a deal with the police and received twenty years. The fifteen year old was hanged. After he was hanged, the good people of Parry Sound and their clergy were outraged, not because the boy was hanged, but because they didn't want a murderer buried in their cemetery.

By their outrage, the people of Parry Sound did serve some good. The foreign press picked up the story and embarrassed the demigods in Ottawa so badly that they amended the criminal code to exclude the execution of anyone under eighteen. Everybody else was fair game.

Not only did that boy not have the right to live, but he didn't even have the right to be buried. A real nice civilized country.

I, for one, only want one right for prisoners. The right to self-rule and self-support. The parasites ruling me now have lost that right.

- TOMMY SMITH -

Frame Up!

The following letter, addressed to NDP Justice critic Svend Robinson, has been written by long-time prison militant Rick Levesque. During the '76 prison riot at the B.C. penitentiary, Levesque took a prominent role in appearing before the TV cameras to expose the cruel conditions which led to the uprising. In '77 and '78, he helped organise the fast and work stoppage of August tenth, National Prison Justice Day; and on September 27, '78, his refusal to celebrate the centennial of the opening of the B.C. Pen led to a stretch in segregation and the hole. Among the first 60 prisoners to be transferred to the newly built Kent Penitentiary, His frame up and his indefinite confinement in administrative segregation at Kent Penitentiary is negotiating with all parties during the riot and month long peaceful sit-down staged by the prisoner: to protest the repressive conditions at the new prison.

For his courageous actions on behalf of all the prisoners, Levesque has been continually harrassed by the prison administration. This harassment has included solitary confinement, transfer to Laval Penitentiary during the winter of 79-80, and a charge of murdering a fellow prisoner, which Levesque is presently fighting in the courts. Now he has been framed so as to fit the requirements of being a "potentially dangerous and violent criminal". His frame up and his indefinite confinement in administrative segregation at Kent Penitentiary is a glaring example of how Kaplan's plan for preventative segregation will be used to isolate and silence politically active prisoners.

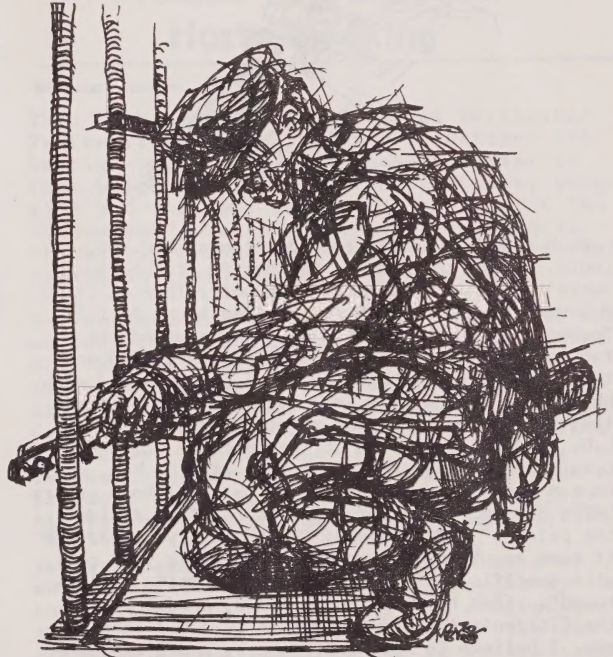
October 23, 1980

To:
The Honourable S. Robinson
M.P. Burnaby, B.C.
From:
8188 Levesque, Rick
Prisoner at Kent
Subject: Being framed up, and put in segregation...
Again!...

1. This is to update what's happened to me since I last wrote to you on August tenth, 1980. I, at that time, stated that I was hoping that I wouldn't have to come and bother you again!

2. The reserved decision, by Justice Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court on August first, was answered on August 27, 1980, and on that day he dismissed the court order challenge by the Solicitor-General of Canada, thus ordering the administration at Kent to keep me at Kent until my trial--which dates back to 1978--is concluded with! This I suggest, wasn't really taken well by the administration.

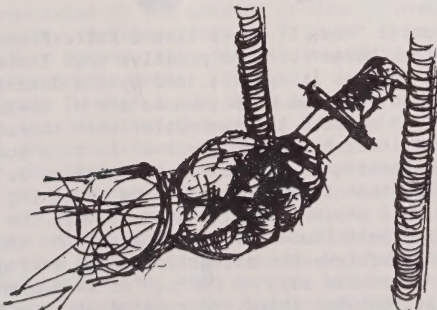
3. The trial already mentioned in previous letters to you, went on as scheduled on September 29th only to be told that it will resume in Chilliwack on May 6, 7, 8, 1981! Again, I suggest that this wasn't too well taken by the administration.



4. My behaviour and work performance have been exemplary at Kent, since my return from Montreal on April 22nd, 1980, as attested by my work supervisor; AW/Industries M. CK. Crutch, as I work as his clerk, and was actually given \$35. bonus pay for my excellent work during the past three months.

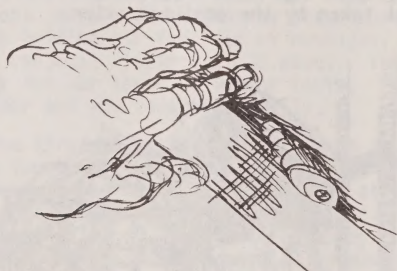
5. As you are aware from previous correspondence, I have established very strong family ties with some very good people and we have been visiting regularly! I and they were pleased to spend my first Open House in 12 years with "People" here at Kent on August 24, 1980! Their visits have changed my whole outlook on life, and I am looking forward to finishing my sentence with the minimum account of problems possible!

6. On Monday, October 20, 1980, as I returned from work at 15:30 I was handcuffed and taken to Segregation! As I asked why I was taken to Segregation.



M. Molino who was the living unit officer putting the handcuffs on me said: "Contraband was found in your cell!" I asked him what was found. He replied "I don't know... I wasn't there when they searched."

7. On Tuesday, October 21, 1980, at 14:28 P.M., I was served with an Institutional Charge sheet that read: "A steak knife was found in cell 003, C unit". And ironically enough, the officer's name who allegedly found the said knife was: L.U.D. Molino, the same man who said in paragraph 6, that he was not there. This was confirmed to me yesterday by

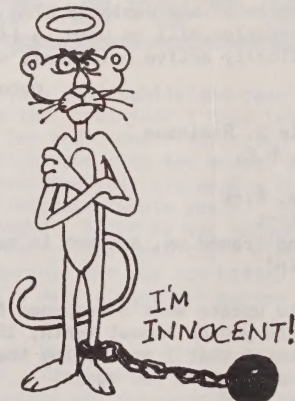


Ludo M. Duguay and the second witness, L.U. St. Louis. Again, the mystery is that M. St.-Louis doesn't work in this particular unit. Then at 14:30 M Dowsett, warden at Kent, appeared at my cell in Segregation and spoke with me. We discussed the fact that in my 12 years in prison, never did anything lead them to believe that I get involved with knives. He gave me the impression that he believes that I am being set up by someone. Now, at 14:43 L.U. St.-Louis appeared at the door. We had a discussion as he knows me since 1974 at B.C. Pen, where he was a security officer. He said: "I know you're being set up, the steak knife is not from inside the prison." And he added: "Wait until you hear how it came about that we were told to go to your cell at a specific spot, and that a steak knife will be found"...then he left and at 15:00, a member of the Citizen's Advisory Committee (C.A.C.) John Bayman, I believe is his name, came by and I explained to him all of what I have just written above.

8. Wednesday, October 22, 1980, I put in a formal request to know who was the officer in charge of opening and closing the cell doors of this particular wing of the prison, and the reply I got from the man in charge of the Segregation Unit, M. Mac-Donnel, was that: "The powers to be, told me, to tell you that it's none of your business." My lawyer, Ms. Elizabeth Arnold, was present and I asked her to take note of this answer. I then sought advice from Ms. Arnold to have this charge dealt with in an outside court, because Sir, it is a fact that I am being set up for unknown reasons at this time, but it is my belief that people in high positions here have first hand knowledge in this whole affair which I believe can be proven. But possibly not in Warden's Court, as I wrote a letter to M. Dowsett requesting that I be represented by legal counsel, and he simply refused to allow this.

9. Thursday, October 23, 1980, I phoned another lawyer at 10:00 AM and asked her for advice. In turn I discovered that on Monday, October 20th, the same day as the incident, my lawyer Ms. Marguerite Jackson recieved a phone call at 10:55 AM from the warden's secretary, Mary, asking about when my trial was scheduled to resume. This is ironic or mysterious, especially since M. Dowsett already has known since September 29th that my trial was to resume in May of the coming year, and he had asked me personally the same question the previous day, Sunday, October 19th, when he spoke to me at the lifers' social which I was invited to attend as a representative of the French prisoners here at Kent. Therefore he knew that the Court Order that I stay at Kent until the trial is concluded was good at least until May unless, naturally if I am to get involved with anything here at all...

10. At 12:56, Thursday, October 26th, my boss, AW/Industries, M. CK Crutch, came to Segregation and delivered a copy of C.D. 213 and 209 which I had requested earlier, and told him that I intend to call him as a character witness. After discussing what we both heard about this whole matter, he said: "It is a known fact that you're being set-up, but you have to face the charge." Then at 1:46 M. Dowsett appeared to tell me that he will not allow me legal representation. I told him that I was calling him as a witness and also his secretary who phoned my lawyer. By the way, the alleged find happened at 12:45 on Monday, October 20th. I then asked M. Dowsett many questions, and he became very defensive. When I asked him if he had seen the



knife, he said: "Yes, it looks like a knife from Johnny's Steak House"... I am positive that I didn't go downtown and get it myself...and by the description I have so far from M. St.-Louis and M. Dowsett it only leaves me with the assumption that someone in the authorities had to be involved in this somewhere. M. Dowsett gave me his honest opinion, as he called it, that there appears to be something strange in this whole affair. I am sure that the ever so naive Solicitor-General of Canada, M. Kaplan, wouldn't believe the allegations I am making here. As I heard him say, on CBC's, "As It Happens" on Wednesday, October third, that we're all unbel-

ievable people in prison. But I am speaking the truth Sir, not fiction. These here are facts...and I am being set up by someone possibly in order to fit the Solicitor-General's list of potentially dangerous prisoners across Canada, which I don't believe I fit the criteria up until Monday at

I'm Flying Higher Than You

I was in you prison cells.
And took all you had
I saw them come and I saw them go
And you tried to make me just like you.

Cause I am flying higher than your walls
And flying higher than you...

You took all what I have held dear,
And my freedom too.
You played your games with me
And you tried your goddam best,
And lost... And you lost...

Cause I am flying higher than your walls
And flying higher than you...
Flying higher than you...

Written on February 21st, 1979, the day
prior to my escape from the B.C. Penitentiary.

Rick Levesque

12:45, because of the exceptional behaviour I have shown since my return from Montreal on April 22, 1980, and I am expecting M. Dowsett and M. Crutch to testify to this effect as they both told me they would, unless they change their minds between now and Tuesday, October 28th, the date scheduled for the hearing. My security file speaks for itself, Sir, never did I ever have anything to do with knives. Also, the refusal to tell me who could have opened my cell door on Sunday when I was at the lifer's Social from 9:00 to 4:00 PM and also on Monday day shift when I was at work, it is very unfair as I believe that this man knows who may have planted the knife. Also, the fact that M. Dowsett spoke to me on Sunday at the Social, at which times my trial dates were discussed, and he found it necessary to phone my lawyer the following day... Why? What was the big concern? And two hours later M. St.-Louis, who worked in A unit is told to go into C unit cell 003, and a steak knife will be found in a certain spot...Something here stinks, Sir: And regardless of the outcome in disciplinary court on Tuesday, October 28th, at 9:30 AM, I am asking you for an inquiry into this whole affair. This is a very serious matter Sir, and I am asking you to please forward a copy of this letter to:

- a) the Solicitor-General of Canada (M. Kaplan)
- b) the Commissioner of Penitentiaries (M. Yeomans)
- c) the Inspector-General (M. A. Wrenshall).

Also, I am requesting that you people make a full investigation into this matter, as I believe that very serious consequences could result eventually if such irresponsible actions by whomever planted that knife in my cell were to become frequent. It is very disturbing for the Institution's order I am

sure, when the general population knows as well as most of the staff that someone is being framed up so very clearly.

In closing sir, as I have taken enough of your time, I wish to stress that even if the Judge presiding at the hearing on October 28th finds me not guilty, I want a full investigation into this matter and hope hope that you personally may be able to come to Kent when Parliament recesses, or send someone to speak to me. I am contemplating the possibility of having charges laid. This will be discussed at length with my lawyers.

Rick Levesque

Prelude To Dorchester Hostage-Taking

Bulldozer Comment

This letter was smuggled out of Dorchester Penitentiary a week before the October 7th hostage-taking. It is a letter similar to that which was signed by 38 prisoners, smuggled out and read nationwide over CBC's "As It Happens". In this case we have withheld the writer's name for fear of administrative reprisals against him.

The Dorchester hostage-taking ended with the murder of one of the hostages, prison guard Bill Morrison, by members of the internal emergency response team during the rescue attempt. The immediate response of Solicitor General Kaplan was to skillfully manipulate public outrage through the press in order to implement an extremely repressive program of prisoner control, the segregation of potentially "violent and dangerous criminals".

Hostage-takings are the desperate acts of men pushed to their limits and beyond by the intolerable conditions of their confinement. They are political acts so much as the legitimacy of the state to act in an arbitrary and inhumane fashion is questioned and political demands are made. In the two latest Millhaven hostage-takings the lack of psychiatric treatment for S.H.U. prisoners, indefinite confinement in S.H.U., and the repressive tactic of involuntary transfers were exposed. In the Laval hostage-taking, after it became clear to the prisoners that their escape attempt had failed, they demanded changes in their prison conditions. (This hostage-taking was so threatening to the state that they brought tanks out into the street to show that they were still in control.) Only after the hostage-taking focused attention to Dorchester Penitentiary did the lock-down and brutalization of the prisoners become known. In each of these cases the violent practices of the Correction Service become known, and the legitimacy of the state threatened.

That hostage-takings should be a common form of resistance within the prison system is understandable once it is realized that the CSC has been quite effective in preventing other forms of internal resistance. Sit downs, work strikes, and riots all depend on a collective participation of the prisoners. This participation is generally absent due to the division of the prisoners through racism, a system of privileges, the ever present fear of informers, the use of solitary confinement and the forced transfer of prison activists once they have begun to acquire influence among their fellow prisoners. The lack of previous familiarity in collective participation, little known in a capitalist society based upon individualism, also plays a significant role. What is left is a small group of prisoners determined to fight for their dignity through the only means at their disposal: violence.

The letter below details the intolerable conditions at Dorchester which directly led to the escape attempt/hostage-taking by prisoners Ernie DesRoches, Richard Wright and Ron Enman, all of whom are presently confined at S.H.U. Millhaven. Given these conditions, the responsibility for the escape attempt and the death of Bill Morrison lies completely with the brutal administration of Dorchester Warden Michael Corbett and the negligence of both the Regional and National Divisions of the Correction Service of Canada, not with the prisoners.

September 29, 1980

I received your most welcome letter & as always I was pleased to hear from you again. Sorry it has taken so long to write. I am writing concerning the brutality by guards, constant harassment & the administration using the inmates as scapegoats.

Dorchester is about to riot anytime now - the tension and frustration has reached the highest level as the administration has the prison population locked-down in their cells. Inmates are being put in the hole for no other reason but suspicion, over half the general population is in segregation as there is now four ranges that are used for segregation, make that five. Guys are being taken out of their cells & told they are going to the hole, they are then hand-cuffed, taken off the range, thrown or pushed down stairs. Once in the hole they are beat by four, five or six pigs, gassed & shackled & put in a cell with hand-cuffs, shackles & body belt, they are left that way for days on end. The guards are gassing guys in their cells & saying that they run this prison not us, or if we ask for something most of the time we are told to lay down & do our time, fuck off, or even do something constructive like riot, we could use the overtime,



"I've studied your case and I think your best bet is a tunnel!"

christmas is getting near. The pigs (guards) that's what I call them because that's what they are, they have beat guys so bad they have had to get stitches, they have given guys black eyes, sore ribs, etc., etc., etc. The administration is not doing anything to stop this, but are doing things themselves to start more trouble in the institution.

There was an escape of two inmates over the wall two weeks ago, the same night there was an isolated incident that had nothing to do with the escape.

There was an escape of two inmates over the wall in which two guys got away. The guard in the tower did not see the escape. It was not discovered until the patrol car found the rope hanging from the wall, at that time everyone was told to return to their cells, no one was told why. So A3 range in the B-7 cell block refused to do so because they were not told why, the administration then sent in the goon squad by which the guys were tear gassed, beat with night sticks, kicked once on the floor, etc., etc. The inmates then retaliated by smashing cells and the tv at the end of the range. No one knew in the prison of the escape until the next day or late that night when rumors spread around.

When the escape occurred it was under one of the towers, now to justify the escape the administration put out a press release saying that the isolated incident was a diversion for the escape, though it had occurred after the escape. Like yourself I would like to know what the guard in the tower was doing at the time of the escape, my guess would be that he was sleeping. Let's say the incident was a diversion for the escape, if so it would have made the security full on

the alert & the escape would have been impossible, right?

The brutality here is unreal.

One guy was taken out of his cell at two in the morning, stripped down to nothing, hand-cuffed behind his back and told to lay face down on the cold cement floor while guards spent an hour searching his cell for no other reason but harrassment. Another guy was gassed in the hole while in his cell because guards were beating a guy and he told them to lay off. Still another guy was in the hole for days hand-cuffed, shackled & body belt, so he couldn't move, the guards refused to take off the handcuffs so he could eat his meals. He had to put his face in the tray so he could eat. He finally broke his handcuffs somehow after three or four days of pissing himself. The guards gassed & beat him with night sticks & told him that they run this prison now & they can do what they want with us.

I guess this is all for now. Could you see about getting us some publicity, I'm working at this end along with others. We have written radio stations and a newspaper about the situation here at Dorchester and are hoping for good outcome. We need all the support we can get as the people down this way are pretty red-neck & scared to fight the powers, this letter has gone out the back door as you know it would never get out the front. I hope to hear from you soon, til the next time I'll say hey take care.

A Dorchester Prisoner

Open Letter To Kaplan

Hon. Robert Kaplan,
Solicitor General

Sir,

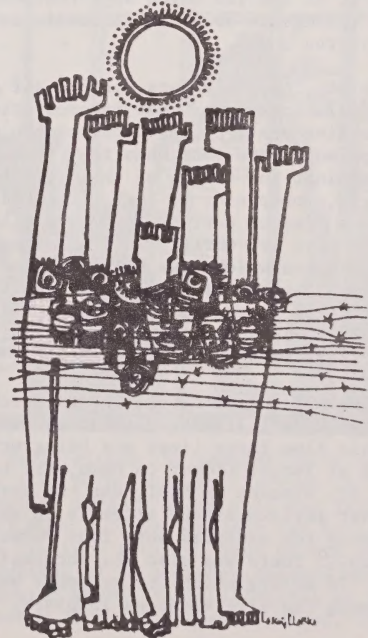
We were surprised to learn of an article that appeared in *Le Journal de Montreal* on November 30, 1980. Being among those who have suffered greatly from changes that have taken place in Canadian prisons, we believe that we have acquired if not the legal right, the moral right to demonstrate our disapproval when circumstances call for it.

The content of the article presented new special programmes as well as the relaxing of clause number 174 governing Centre Fédéral de Réinsertion Penitenciaire (C.F.R.P.) such as the Centre de Développement Correctionnel (C.D.C.) for Quebec and S.H.U. in Ontario.

If the term "special programme" can lead the

ordinary citizen to confusion, for we prisoners it is otherwise because this invariable means more repression, segregation, etc. Although some people seem to lend magical virtues to these special programmes, a serious and honest analysis can only bring out the crudeness of this reasoning. Moreover, we are sincerely convinced that this approach will produce exactly the opposite effect expected.

More than a month ago your department decided following the taking of hostages at the Dorchester Penitentiary (N.B.) and at the Max Laval (P.Q.) to list the dangerous cases in order to integrate them to this special programme. Of a population of 3,200 prisoners in Quebec alone, 160 cases were chosen, that is 2% of the total population. We take issue with these figures. In fact, if we take for granted the prisoners held in the different medium, minimum various institutions or in half-way houses cannot logically be aimed at by this special programme; if not they would not already be found in maximum security penitentiaries. Two thousand have to be subtracted from the initial 3,200. We therefore find ourselves with 160 dangerous cases for a true population of 700 prisoners (including the Institute Maximum Archambault and Max. Lava) for a percentage of 22.8%; therefore, it is no longer possible to speak of incarcerated violence related to prisoners but instead of institutional violence of which the system is responsible. It seems apparent that you are trying to minimize the condition of dangerous cases in order to make them part of a minority and at the same time excuse all forms of future repression. There is also a question of relaxing the admission



criteria of (C.F.R.P.) related to clause 174 because you claim that one cannot be led by circumstances. In the future, a prisoner could be transferred to the C.D.C. on the basis of a simple suspicion. We respectfully submit that there already exists punishment before the fact and that it has been practised on quite a grand scale for several years. A wing of the old penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul (Max. Laval) has been lent to the Institute Archambault since 1977; between 10 - 15 prisoners live there all year round. Members of the various prisoners committees have had the experience and can testify to it.

Concerning the C.D.C. in 1980 alone 6 prisoners were transferred on simple suspicion before an outsider had ruled on their guilt. By relaxing clause 174 you would only legalize a multitude of illegal acts committed for the last few years. In such circumstances, it would be better to be led by events than to bring them about if only to avoid a temptation that could become totalitarian.

Such an approach can become greatly detrimental and we wish to draw your attention to the dangers that such an approach could engender. From now on, a suspicion will carry as much weight as a fact and such an attitude leads some people to believe that it is preferable to condemn ten innocent persons rather than let one guilty person get away. More than ever a prisoner will be subjected to the belligerence and vindictiveness of a guard who doesn't like him; or a prisoner simply taking advantage of the opportunity to get rid of a cumbersome buddy. This has already taken place more than once. To punish an individual simply on the basis of suspicion is to go against the very spirit of the law which says that when there exists a reasonable doubt the accused receives the benefit of the doubt.

Psychiatrists, psychologists, indeed all specialists in human relations agree that incarceration for more than five years causes irreversable problems for the prisoner and that when it is normal detention. Against the advice of these specialists and experts, you prefer to lock up certain prisoners for a minimum period of two years in a Super-maximum, and in the worst conditions imaginable ! And yet, studies which have been made are very clear about the percentage of success. Almost all those who have spent time in the C.D.C. come back and often for more serious crimes than the ones for which they were put there before.

Out of five prisoners transferred to Dorchester in New Brunswick, all attempted escapes, two succeeded and at this time these lines are being written they are still at large. Closer to home, the Laval Maximum, St. Vincent de Paul, was the scene of one of the most serious escape attempts in recent years. Among the escapees were four former inmates of the C.D.C. There was also the successful escape of July, '78 during which one prisoner was killed. Again, among the five escapees involved, three had

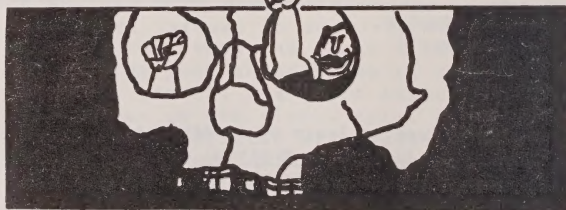
spent time in Super-Maximum.

There is also the question of giving the inmates the one year parole, similar to those accorded to released convicts. On the word of a guard who claims to have been threatened, the prisoner will be automatically returned to the special unit. The climate of suspicion that the special program will create cannot be ignored. It is almost a return to the time of the inquisition with its witch hunt, or even a policy of "shoot on sight". It is already difficult enough to act within the present prison climate without adding additional factors of instability.

What credibility can be given to this kind of special program when it is known that all the policies put forward in the past by the Canadian Correctional Service (C.S.C.) are responsible for the present situation in the penitentiaries? If on the otherhand, one wishes to place the responsibility for the present climate on the shoulders of the inmate, how then can one expect a positive result from people who are credited with having little or no good judgement? Without a drastic turn to the left, we can only expect the darkest years for the C.S.C. since its creation.

We are very much in agreement with your objective, very laudable in itself, of making the prison climate more healthy, although our agreement of the objective does not exclude differences as to steps to be taken.

Serious thought combined with-not-always agreeable experiences has led us to believe that there are three basic factors behind the crisis we are now experiencing: the wrong approach, lack of rights and heavy sentences. If efforts were made to solve these three problems, we believe that it would be reasonable to hope for an improvement of the prison climate, the cornerstone of any change.



"New Philosophy"

The Canadian Correctional Service has never been able to pride itself in having a philosophical approach to the problem of crime. At best it is content with using repression to correct the situation. This state of affairs is due in large part to a fear of action, a fear which leads to ignorance and occupies all the space in the mind needed for a solution to the problems.

It is out of fear and ignorance that a program has been set out based on behaviorist theory, a

school of thought developed in the United States under the aegis of B.F. Skinner. Most of the institutions in the country, schools, psychiatric hospitals, and prisons are subjected to this theory.

Through this reward and punishment concept, it is claimed that the behavior of marginals is improved, while in fact it is only the outward manifestations which are repressed until a favorable climate brings another explosion of the germs of the disease that was thought to be permanently cured.



The application of this theory has meant that certain inmates in an American penitentiary were forced to wear diapers, suck on soothers, and crawl on the floor. Others were chained to their beds and beaten, and all that with the supposedly humanitarian aim of improving the individual. A legal battle of more than five years and a series of violent incidents were necessary to put an end to this treatment.

In place of behaviorism based on abstract ideas, we would like to see humanism, a true profession of faith in concrete people with their desires, aspirations and also their weaknesses. All people are equal in thought and word; the difference lies in action. This distinction is recognized by humanism while behaviorism calls for an impenetrable mental barrier. It is not necessary to lock someone up for life to prove to yourself you are right. At least that is what we would like to believe.

"Balancing of Sentences"

It would certainly be advisable at this stage to put much more thought into punishment. When a court imposes a prison sentence for some crime, the punishment has in fact a triple function: dissuasion, reassurance and punishment.

Much has been said on the dissuasive character of sentences on those who might be tempted to take the same route. Society clings tightly, even violently, to this buoy for fear of slipping off and no longer have any pretext to justify the severity of sentences. Once again, it is not human maliciousness that has led to this way of thinking, but rather ignorance. When an individual commits a crime it is more than anything else

because of a feeling deep inside that it will go completely unpunished, and nothing or no one will weaken that conviction.

In Turkey, while the hangman was cutting off the hands of pickpockets in the town square, the police caught individuals in the crowd watching the punishment who were engaged in the same activity as those whose hands were being chopped off two hundred feet away. What is the use of the example? The first World War did not stop the second from breaking out and likewise the third seems inevitable in spite of the atrocities committed during the last one. If the spectre of forty million deaths has not prevented nations from continuing to massacre each other, it would be very surprising if a heavy sentence or punishment has a direct influence on others' behavior.

Society has always measured its protection and one can certainly say the same thing for the C.S.C. in proportion to the severity of the punishment. Such a situation owes a lot to the misinformation spread quite unwittingly by broadcast and print media, since they depend on the information and statistics that the C.S.C. releases.

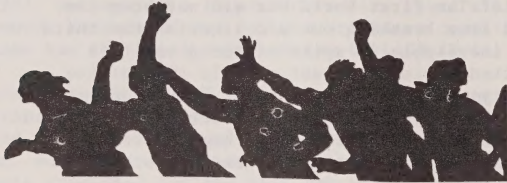
Since we are practically always confined to the information we receive, we can't really be surprised by the falsehoods that circulate amongst the population. Doesn't power produce knowledge? Society believes itself to be really protected, while in fact, it isn't.



Government fools either the population or the prisoner or else both. What will become of a prisoner who has already spent half his life behind bars? What will be the best way to try to reintegrate him into society, once he has spent so much time outside of it and when changes occur at such an alarming speed. It is illogical to set free a convict after 20 or 25 years in prison, who is

without work, family, who's out of touch and dis-oriented.

Where are they going to be put? Are we going to see hostels multiply, to shelter ex-convicts who are unable to function in society and this at the cost of tens of millions of dollars? All these questions will have to be answered sooner or later...



As to the third purpose of punishment, which is to punish. There isn't much to say about it, except that such a goal is undoubtedly achieved with a unique degree of success! Never has the Canadian prisoner been punished with such harshness and brutality. The average sentence is 7.6 years for federal justice, the highest in the world, which is no mean thing, when you consider what's happening inside totalitarian regimes.

Even though we have only skimmed over the question of heavy sentences, let's draw some conclusions. The dissuasive effect is inexistent and the population has never been as badly protected, whereas the convict is subject to outrageous punishment. Those who give such heavy (mandatory) sentences, denounce them, and the prison inmates feel the repercussions.

Our approach is not meant to give justification to homicide or any other type of crime but rather to develop a more humane form of punishment. Instead of imposing a minimum sentence of 25 years in prison, why not set a maximum time for incarceration?

"Charter of Rights for Prisoners"

"Sublata Causa Tollitur Effectus", in Latin, means: suppress cause and the effect will disappear. It's with this in mind that we should write up a charter enumerating the inalienable rights of prisoners. We should try to eliminate the conditions in which prison riots originate. We should concentrate on causes and not the many effects.

We firmly believe that by eliminating privileges and transforming them into inalienable rights, we will make a great step forward. Punishment starts in prison, for a convict, and that's precisely where it should end also. A prisoner is sent behind bars as a punishment and not to be punished. That's an important distinction that's not always observed.

We have no written charter nor a plan for one yet the "Office des Droits des Detenus" has written one that we subscribe to entirely. Almost all violent events that have occurred within prison walls were directed towards re-establishing a suspended privilege or righting wrongs. That's one good reason to not take our request lightly. It is aimed at creating a healthier climate.

"Conclusion"

"A rose by any other name will smell as sweet", W. Shakespeare. They have tried to hide the smell of death, though unsuccessfully by imposing mandatory sentences instead of capital punishment. The leash is longer and the feeling of suffocation isn't quite as apparent, but the results are the same, death!

To absorb the consequences of such policies, Special Units like the C.D.C. and S.H.U. had to be built. These Special Units are, in fact, an attack on our physical and moral integrity when they aren't aimed at our elimination pure and simple. Two convicts have already been transferred to psychiatric hospitals during the last months. It would be very unwise to believe that we will allow ourselves to be lead to the slaughterhouse to be massacred like the Jews during the last World War. We will resist with all our strength, and the meager means we have and also with the determination characteristic of a sick person who has cancer but is determined in spite of everything to pull through.



We demand for the reasons given above that these monster-producing factories be closed. They are as useless as they are cruel, and as dangerous as they are barbaric.

Secondly, we demand that the Special program announced by your Ministry be immediately suspended. This document has been written with the blood of our experiences and with what's left of our reason and we respectfully submit it to your consideration.

Edgar Roussel



Is This The Humane Way? or... Is This The American Way?

I just finished reading the August and September issue of "For the People". For me to say that the paper is good, would be an understatement, it's excellent! The articles I read relate to what is also happening in U.S. prisons; racism, sexism, exploitation, oppression, and police brutality. Racism is used to divide prisoners. This way the Administration does anything they want to. In one article on the Polaroid Company, you mentioned favoritism. That is also a tactic used in prisons. The favored "inmates" are usually informers who are given soft jobs, drugs, and other favors. The sexism I see is on women who are employed by the prison, they are treated as "girl" and sex objects. Exploitation can be seen everywhere in prison. Prisoners do all the work while the overseers (bosses) make all the money and decisions. The oppression comes from the racism we witness every minute of the day and night, 25 hours-a-day, 500 days-a-year. We have to work (we are slaves) for little or no money at all, in really unsafe work places. We suffer from "laws" rules and regulations made up by the warden and people in Washington, and other laws made up on the spot. And these laws are carried out in a brutal fashion by some ignorant racist guard. The police brutality goes on everyday, men have been beaten, raped, and murdered by guards here. Usually the victims are prisoners who have no family contacts.

Here's a clear cut example of police brutality here at Terre Haute, home of the K.K.K. Recently as we all know, many Cubans left Cuba and came to this country. Some of those Cubans were sent to U.S. prisons. Approximately 30 of those Cubans were sent here to Terre Haute. Most of them are young persons, 17 and 18 years old. They were kept in a segregated block G-1.

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A Call To All Native Indians

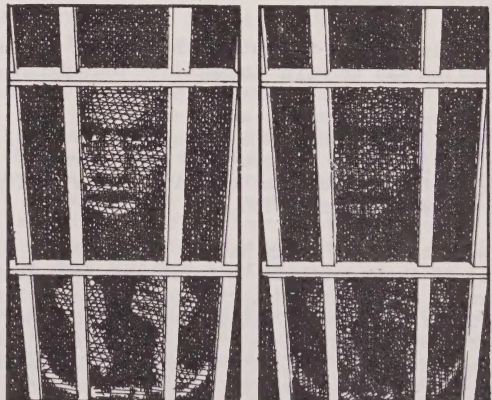
As members of the Brotherhood of American Indians organization, we greet our people from the inhumane confines of U.S. prisons with all our love, and appeal to our brothers and sisters to hear our voice and heed our call to resist the repression of Native people in Washington's prisons.

Before the arrival of the settlers and the advent of their barbarous prison systems across our lands, Native people knew nothing of, and had no need for, the institutions they call prisons. Our people lived and hunted on this land a free people, willing to share our resources with those in need. However, the settlers were not satisfied and undertook to rob our land.

In the process of doing so, our beloved fathers and mothers were massacred, brutalized, raped and burned out of their homes. And in the end, our people were herded like so many animals onto the government reservations.

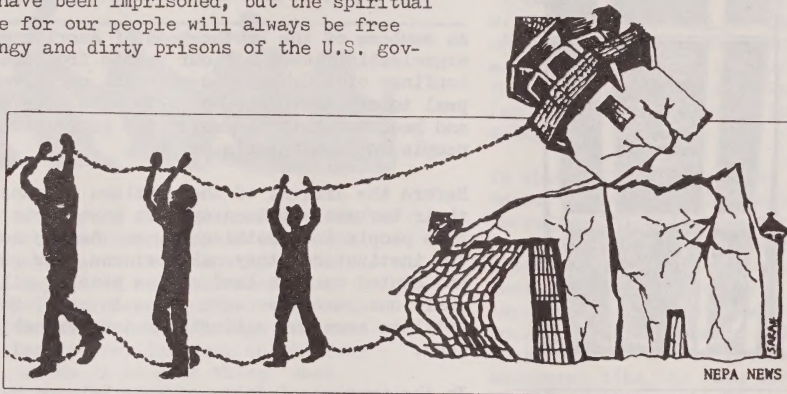
Today it is the 1980's and our people are still being killed, beaten, raped and forced to leave their Native lands. Little has changed, and the oppression our people suffer under the capitalist system is very great. Having taken most of our lands and broken its treaty promises, the U.S. government has done nothing for our people's welfare.

Our women are sterilized, and our children are taken from their poor families. Our culture is not taught in U.S. schools, and our people are taught to believe in standards of life that are alien to our traditions.



Our leaders are hunted by the FBI for standing up for their peoples' rights, and our warriors are jailed and imprisoned for defending our lands. Even so, our people fight on and we have made it quite clear to the U.S. government that our struggle continues to burn fiercely in the minds and hearts of our people.

So long as the idea of freedom lives, the Indian people will fight to be free. As freedom fighters, our bodies have been imprisoned, but the spiritual love we have for our people will always be free from the dingy and dirty prisons of the U.S. government.



We may be caged as if we were animals and criminals for breaking the white man's laws, but we are proud of our people and will never quit the struggle to be a free people. The U.S. government must never be allowed to forget our people and their rights as natives of this land.

In Washington state, the government acts as though it can forget about Native peoples' rights by simply locking Indian people into its prison system. However, we have also fought to keep them from doing that.

Within the last month, 30 brothers staged a rally in support of Native Indians who were locked in Walla Walla penitentiary's infamous segregation unit. Gathering for the event, the brothers stood in a half moon pattern and played sacred drums for those locked in segregation.

As is their custom, the authorities called in their riot police and tried to intimidate the Indians who had dared oppose administrative policies. The Indian brothers were surrounded, and tower guards kept their rifles trained on the protesters. Even so, the cause was just, and the brothers stood firm and strong as the sacred drums beat in solidarity for those locked in segregation.

This was the second rally Native Indians held in support of their brothers to reinforce their demands concerning treatment and living conditions inside the prison. At present, Native Indians and other political prisoners are on a hunger strike to protest long-standing brutality by the police against Indian and oppressed peoples within the prison walls.

The most recent incidence of brutality was perpetrated on Tommy Lawyer. The Indian brother was being brought into segregation for a petty reason. Yet once he was in the building, he was thrown on the floor and beaten by 15 police. Tommy's hands were handcuffed behind his back during the beating.

Indian people have suffered from the violent force of the U.S. government's armies, police and prison

guards for decades. It is not anything new to us, although it is still a serious violation of our native rights.

It has been a week since we began our hunger strike. We will continue to strike until the government stops beating our people and denying us other basic rights.

Considering the repressive character of the U.S. government, we have very little doubt that we could very well starve to death before officials would make the smallest concession to our demands. This we know from our experience with this government in the past and even in the present. Many of our people are poor, and the great white father offers us only broken treaties and false promises.

In view of this, we call on our Native people to lend us their support. Only in the power of our people as a united nation can give us the strength to succeed in our struggle.

Walla Walla Brothers

Those interested in our struggle can learn more by contacting:

Northwest Prisoners Organization
Box 20613, Broadway Station
Seattle, Washington
98102 USA



Enemy Of The Sun

I may--if you wish--lose my livelihood
I may sell my shirt and bed,
I may work as a stonecutter,
a street sweeper, a porter,
I may clean your stores
Or rummage your garbage for food,
I may lie down hungry,
O ENEMY OF THE SUN

BUT

I shall not compromise
and to the last pulse in my veins,
I shall resist.

You may take the last strip of my land,
feed my youth to prison cells.
You may plunder my heritage.
You may burn my books, my poems
or feed my flesh to the dogs.
You may spread a web of terror
on the roofs of my village,
O ENEMY OF THE SUN

BUT

I shall not compromise
and to the last pulse in my veins,
I shall resist.

You may put out the light in my eyes.
You may deprive me of my mother's kisses.
You may curse my father, my people,
You may distort my history,
You may deprive my children of a smile
and of life's necessities.
You may fool my friends with a borrowed face.
You may build walls of hatred around me.
You may glue my eyes to humiliations,
O ENEMY OF THE SUN

BUT

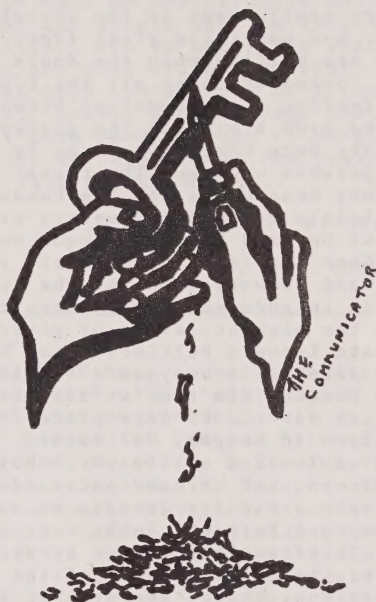
I shall not compromise
and to the last pulse in my veins,
I shall resist.

O ENEMY OF THE SUN

The decorations are raised at the port.
The exclamations fill the air,
a glow in the hearts,
and in the horizon
a sail is seen
challenging the wind
and the depths
it is Ulysses
returning home from the sea of loss.

It is the return of the Sun,
of my exiled ones
and for her sake, and his, I swear I shall not
compromise
and to the last pulse in my veins I shall resist,
Resist,--and resist.

Sameeh Al-Quassem



Homage To Bobby Gene Garcia

"INMATE HANGS SELF AT U.S. PRISON"

"Officials at the U.S. Prison announced this morning that a federal inmate Bobby Gene Garcia, 34, Tucamari, New Mexico, hung himself shortly before 6:00 a.m.

"Rushed to Terre Haute Regional Hospital, Garcia was pronounced dead on arrival. Garcia was being detained on a double life sentence for murder.

"Ron Thompson, public information officer, made the announcement".

Item from Terre Haute paper, Dec. 13, 1980

Bobby Gene Garcia is gone but the struggle for the survival of the Indian people will go on with one more martyr added to the already growing list of native peoples who have sacrificed all they possibly could to bring about a halt to the genocidal policies of the United States.

On December 1, 1980 Bobby Gene Garcia was taken from the general population in the Terre Haute federal prison and thrown in the hole in Cell E-11 in what is known to the prisoners as I-UP. On Friday, December 12,

1980, Bobby was removed from his solitary cell in I-UP and transferred to the dreaded N-2 solitary confinement at the so-called "hospital". N-2 has solid steel front doors and sounds are muffled when the doors are closed and locked which is all the time except at feeding time. Sometime between midnight and 8:00 a.m. - on the graveyard shift - Bobby Gene Garcia was hung by a person or persons unknown. The threat on the life of Bobby Gene Garcia at the hands of prison officials is well documented since the trial of Leonard Peltier, Roque Duenas and Bobby Gene Garcia which was held in December 1979 and January 1980. At the trial evidence was introduced that a conspiracy existed at the highest levels of government to assassinate Leonard Peltier. Bobby Gene Garcia had acted as a bodyguard for Leonard Peltier to protect him from an assassination attempt which was due to take place in the federal prison in Lompoc, California. The protection of Leonard's life was Bobby's primary concern, but circumstances demanded that they make a bid for freedom so on July 20, 1980 Leonard Peltier, Bobby Gene Garcia and Dallas Thundershield made a break for freedom over the double fences of the medium-security prison. The escape attempt ended in disaster when a prison employee named William H. Guild murdered Dallas Thundershield while he had his hands up in the air attempting to surrender. Guild shot Thundershield in the spine and as Dallas was convulsing in the last minutes of his life Dallas' hands were handcuffed behind his back. Dallas Thundershield was 21 years old.

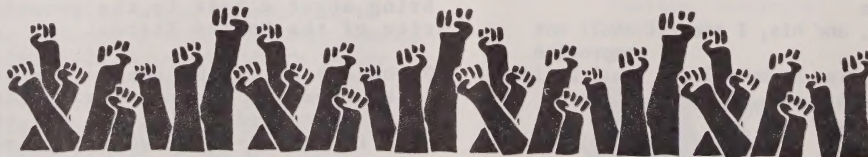
Bobby Gene Garcia surrendered to authorities at the same time Dallas Thundershield was murdered and was taken back inside the prison. Only Leonard Peltier got away. He was captured some five days later about twenty miles from Lompoc near Santa Maria, California.

On May 17, 1978, I, Standing Deer, a/k/a Robert H. Wilson, Reg. No. 01499-164 was told by Chief Correctional Supervisor R.M. Carey and a well dressed stranger that I would receive no medical treatment for my injured back until I agreed to help murder Leonard Peltier at Marion. The plot was to get Leonard Peltier out to the fence at Marion federal prison where he would be



murdered by a guard with a high powered rifle. I was told that in return for my cooperation I would have seven detainees in Oklahoma dropped each of which carried a possible life sentence. The charges were for armed robberies, two larceny of an auto and shooting a police officer. I was also promised a parole from the federal system. I was promised three zip guns (homemade firearms) that would not fire, wire cutters, hacksaw blades, material for making dummies and anything else within reason in order to get Leonard Peltier out to the fence at night so that he could be murdered in what would appear to be an escape attempt. I agreed to cooperate with Captain Carey and the stranger and was immediately given medical attention and seven days later I was notified that the seven life sentence detainees had been dropped by the State of Oklahoma. At the same time I learned that preparations had already been made for Oklahoma to transport me to Oklahoma City for trial under the Interstate Agreement on Detainers.

On July 4, 1978 I had just gotten out of the hospital and I met Leonard Peltier on the Marion yard and after a full day of discussing sacred matters and the Indian struggle with Leonard I told him everything about the proposition that had been made to me to assist in setting him up to be murdered. Leonard told me to go along with the government because if I didn't pretend to be acting on their behalf the U.S. would only hire another assassin whose identity we would not know. The rest of this bizarre story is re-



lated in documents before the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in California.

Following the trial, Bobby Gene Garcia was sent to Terre Haute Prison and we were in a two man cell together until one day they kidnapped Bobby and took him back to the federal prison in Marion, Illinois.

Later this year Bobby was returned to Terre Haute Prison and was getting along real well. To those of us who knew and loved Bobby Gene Garcia he was bigger than life and certainly deserved more than the tiny news clipping that was the official version of his murder. It is true he was serving double life plus five years but that meaningless designation tells us nothing of the poetic soul, the hard working artist who could put on canvas expressions of the tenderness of the inner man. Bobby Gene Garcia was a man who worshipped the beauty of our Mother the Earth; a man who savored each sunrise and grew with the beatiful and sacred things of his people. Bobby Gene Garcia was a religious man who believed in the insrutable cosmic law of the Great Spirit. He was always there when you need him whether it was for the purpose of helping a younger brother with a problem or standing by your side in times of trouble. He was afraid of nothing and he would look death in the face and laugh. There was not a suicidal bone in his body.

I was told by Captain Carey and the stranger that if I told of their efforts to recruit me as Leonard Pelyier's assassin I was a walking dead man. The lives of all of those connected with the California trial are in danger. There are only two of us left.

After thirteen years of hell, Bobby Gene Garcia has gone home to rest, but by the sacrifice he has made our culture and Tun-kashila Wankan Tanka will be good to him. We have lost a brother but his death will never be thought of as a "suicide" by those of us who know. Bobby Gene Garcia watched helplessly as Dallas Thundershield laid his head on a rock and died while his blood flowed like a river. Nobody witnessed Bobby's murder except the murderer(s).

We will never forget you, dear brother, and the entire world is the less because of your

passing. Perhaps your murder will cause new blood to take up the struggle for the liberation of our people and the freeing of Leonard Peltier. Now we shall see what our supporters are made of. Now we shall see if they can keep Leonard and me alive. But you can rest, Bobby, knowing your Brothers and Sisters have been honored to have had you in our lives for even those few years you were on the face of our Mother.

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse,

Standing Deer

Since writing this eulogy Standing Deer has been kidnapped without notice and segregated in a solitary confinement cell in the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri. Following the transfer of Standing Deer on December 16th, 1980, the Terre Haute administration told attorney Jessica Cooke that Standing Deer had been sent to the Medical Center for psychiatric observation. In Springfield, however, Dr. Nelson told the prisoner that he had been transferred in order to receive medical attention for his injured back. In a letter dated December 20, 1980, Standing Deer writes, "They can't get their stories straight. I know Bobby did not commit suicide and they know I know. Evidence is in the hands of Carbondale attorneys...I am refusing all food and drugs I can't identify. When the pain gets too bad I take two Tylenol. The doctor removed me from the medication I can identify and I am afraid of being poisoned or incapacitated to the point I won't be able to defend my life...The door to my cell is steel and it completely soundproofs the cell. If they intend to kill me, this is the best place they've had me."

The murder of Peltier co-defendent Bobby Gene Garcia and the previous beatings of Peltier witnesses David Owens, Christopher A. Hulett and Donald Gene Richardson shows the determination of the State to retaliate against the defence witnesses for their role in exposing the government conspiracy to have Leonard Peltier assassinated. It is absolutely crucial to prevent the murder of the main Peltier witness, Standing Deer.



Write to U.S. senators, congressmen and the wardens of both Terre Haute and Springfield penitentiaries demanding that Standing Deer, a/k/a Robert H. Wilson 01499-164, be transferred back to Terre Haute, Indiana.

Warden
U.S.P.
Box 33
Terre Haute, IN
47808 USA

Warden
Medical Center for
Federal Prisoners
Box 4000
Springfield, MI
65802 USA

Discrimination Suit

PART I

On February 25th, 1980, five women inmates at the North Carolina Correctional Center for Women (N.C.C.C.W.) filed a discrimination suit in Federal Court against the State of North Carolina, Department of Corrections. The women, Karen Batton, Kathy Stokes, Linda Stokes, Terry Hamm and Kathy Jones have asked for equal rights and opportunities of the male prisoners of North Carolina. The North Carolina Correctional Center for Women, located in Raleigh, N.C., houses at average 600 inmates. However, the prison was designed to house only 250 to 300 inmates. Of 82 prison units in the State of N.C., only two of these units house female inmates. One of these units, Cameron Morrison Youth Center (CMYC), is for youthful offenders and also house male inmates. N.C.C.C.W. is the only prison in N.C. that houses females only.

Male inmates in N.C. are housed according to custody grade, crime status and age. The female inmates with the exception of youthful offenders, are housed together at N.C.C.C.W. without regard to custody grade, crime status and age. Male prisoners, spread all over N.C., have greater access to work release opportunities, employment, parole and access to their own families and legal counsel. The women at N.C.C.C.W. may only seek work release in the Raleigh area. Therefore, the women have limited access to employment, parole, legal counsel and their families as a result of their placement in N.C.C.C.W. Male prisoners who apply for work release are screened by professional staff. The women at N.C.C.C.W. were screened by a Roman Catholic nun until recently, who was not qualified by education, training or experience to supervise a prisoner's work release application.

Since 1972, Central Prison, a male-only maximum-security unit in N.C., has provided an in-patient medical and psychiatric hospital for male inmates. This facility is fully staffed by physicians, psychologists, registered and licensed practical nurses and other professional staff on a full-time basis. The women at N.C.C.C.W. have no in-patient medical and psychiatric hospital unit supervised by full-time professional staff.

Around January 1, 1980, an in-patient facility for the treatment of psychiatric patients was completed. However, due to being understaffed no one is allowed to become an in-patient. When the mental patients of N.C.C.C.W. become a nuisance, they are housed in Dorm C, a segregation building at the women's prison.

Male prisoners have a broad range of training programs to use upon their release. The North Carolina Correctional Center women are encouraged to do female role stereo-type jobs. Only three marketable skills are available: cosmetology, upholstery and secretarial science. In order to enroll in cosmetology or upholstery you have to be a year away from parole, and you need to know basic typing to enroll in secretarial science. What about the long-termers or the ambitious woman?

The discrimination suit was also filed to eliminate the denial of civil rights and to improve the treatment and conditions at N.C.C.C.W.

Kenneth Harris, Superintendent and Correctional Administrator of N.C.C.C.W. lacks the educational background, training, experience and demeanor to manage the women's prison or to protect and respect the rights, privileges and immunities of the women prisoners.

Because of the pressing population at N.C.C.C.W., reception for the new arrivals is often full and forces the newcomers to be housed in Dorm C, the segregation unit. This is especially true from November to February of each year. The dining hall at N.C.C.C.W. is infested with rats and roaches, therefore maintaining an unsanitary facility for the preparation and storage of food.

The matrons and guards at the N.C.C.C.W. are inadequately trained. Many new staff members receive on the job training on third shift while the population of inmates are sleeping. When their shift is transferred they are considered "trained" to handle the management of the inmate population, to recognize health and psychiatric problems and to cope with the emotional needs of the incarcerated.

The five women plaintiffs have asked for relief in:

1. an immediate preliminary hearing;
2. a protective order prohibiting defendants from continuing to harass and intimidate plaintiffs and denying them adequate access to counsel during the pendency of the suit;
3. to institute equal practices and programs for female prisoners with those of the male prisoners;
4. an injunction prohibiting Defendant Harris from serving in the capacity of Correctional Administrator;
5. an award to plaintiffs and their class of reasonable attorney fees and costs and such additional and alternative relief as may be just and proper.

Transfer from Springfield

Just as this issue of Bulldozer was about to be mailed, we received a letter from Standing Deer informing us that because of the overwhelming American and international support the U.S. Federal Bureau of Prisons has been forced to transfer him out of the Springfield Medical Center where he had feared for his life (see afterword to the story, "Homage to Bobby Gene Garcia").

In this letter dated February 20, 1981 Standing Deer writes, "From the time I was kidnapped from Terre Haute and taken to the surgery ward at Springfield the letters and telegrams have poured in from all over the world. The response was overwhelming. The letters were from W. Germany, France, Spain, Amsterdam, China, Japan, Mexico, Libya, Vietnam, Canada and all parts of the united states. I had no idea we had so much support. I have had people send me copies of flyers put out by groups in New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Tokyo and other places. It blew the minds of all the jailers."

"The upshot was that the jailers in Springfield were afraid to do anything to me because everybody was demanding a status report on me from the bureau of prisons. They never did treat my back and that was just a lie they told in order to have a rationale for keeping me in deadlock solitary confinement. They finally quit trying to force drug me. I refused to eat for 30 days and lost 37 pounds but it got me out of that death kamp with my frontal lobes intact."

"They had oral arguments in California on Leonard Peltier's escape trial on January 9, 1981 and we should know something on the appeal by May or June. They told me before I left Springfield that if Peltier got a retrial and I testify for him they would bring me back to Springfield and fill me so full of Prolixin that I won't even know my name. I don't doubt that they will do it but I'll still testify unless they outright kill me as they did Bobby Gene Garcia."

"After it became clear to them they were engaged in a counterproductive effort (because of the huge support outside) they decided to get me out of Springfield as soon as possible. So, at 4:00 a.m. on January 29, 1981 five guards woke me up and put me in handcuffs, belly chains and leg iron (for a ten hour flight to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania). I am in the hole at the time of this writing, but it is not as bad as Springfield because I am no longer in fear of forced surgery. I have remained strong during this ordeal because of the strength of people such as you. I have also had the strength of many prisoners concerned about my safety."

"Give my love & strength & solidarity to all in the common struggle. In the Spirit of Crazy Horse & Comrade George."

Standing Deer



PART II

Kathy Stokes and Karen Batton, plaintiffs in the discrimination suit, are housed in the segregation unit. Kathy Stokes was put in segregation on June 27, 1979, for escape. The director's Sub-Committee Board (DSC) decided in July Kathy should remain in segregation. The DSC board gave her a six-month review for January 1980. Karen Batton was put in segregation on September 9, 1979 for escape. In October, the DSC board decided Karen should remain in the segregation unit and gave her a six-month review for May 1980.

In January 1980, Karen was given an early review date and was scheduled to meet the board with Kathy on January 25th. Kathy and Karen's release from segregation were denied. Kathy was scheduled to meet the board again July. Karen was scheduled to see them in May, her original review date. In May, Kathy's review shortened so she could meet the DSC board with Karen. On May 19th, 1980, Kathy and Karen's release were again denied. Both women were scheduled to meet the DSC board in November 1980. However in September, Kathy was reviewed before the DSC board. Her release was again denied. Kathy will meet the board again in March, 1981. Her release is not guaranteed then.

The Director's Sub-committee board is a board from downtown consisting of five members. This board is supplied with recommendations from Superintendent Harris for each woman scheduled to be seen by them.

Kathy has been in segregation for 17 months. Karen has been in for 14 months. Neither Kathy nor Karen have been given any opportunities to prove they are not escape risks. Kathy and Karen are allowed one hour of exercise daily in a small fenced-in area.

The remaining hours are spent in their 9X12 ft. cells.

Terry Hamm, also a plaintiff in the suit, was suddenly transferred to Cameron Morrison Youth Center on May 12, 1980, after the February filing of the suit. Terry was shipped away from her family who lives in Raleigh, N.C., to a strange institution. Was Terry removed from N.C.C.C.W. in an attempt to get her to withdraw from the discrimination suit against the Department of Corrections?

Superintendent McDade and Harris had threatened to take punitive measures against the plaintiffs for violating orders not to discuss prison conditions with their counsel. Were these the punitive measures?

PART III

Women being the minority of the system still have a great desire for their rights as prisoners. In the construction of prisons, - women were and are seemingly an afterthought left neglected until someone speaks out in their behalf. The discrimination suit, filed in February 1980, was initiated for the women of N.C.C.C.W.. The plaintiffs are demanding their rights. Many of the women at N.C.C.C.W. fear the change the suit demands and the action the authorities will take once they participate. In spite of their fears, the women are coming together, gathering strength and fighting back for better conditions, treatment and opportunities.

Most of the influence applied by the authorities is mental pressure. It is continuously suggested N.C.C.C.W. will turn maximum-security and military in staff as a result of the suit. Those women who are aware of their environment know

N.C.C.C.W. is practically maximum-security and military in staff now. The authorities already have plans to rid of the honor-grade women, the committed youthful offenders (CYO's) to put up razor wire, and, in short, turn N.C.C.C.W. maximum-security.

Their other means of mental pressure is to ship women to and from CMYC, away from their families and forcing them to adjust to new environments and pressures. Plaintiff Terry Hamm, a long-term, was shipped to CMYC in spite of the fact/policy that CMYC is for CYO's. Most inmates sent to CMYC are inmates with less than 25 years or serving a CYO sentence.

The women find they are often harrassed, interrogated, threatened and left confused, frustrated and angry. Defendant McDade suggested to Karen Batton it was "dangerous to play with the system". Defendant Harris, like McDade, suggested to Karen that "without cooperation she could spend a lot longer than necessary in segregation". Karen was following orders from her attorneys not to discuss legal matters with Harris. While most inmates escaping from N.C.C.C.W. spend 15-105 days in segregation without meeting the DSC board, Kathy and Karen seem to be an exception to the rule.

Supportive letters can be sent to:

M. Mayer Hassle Paralegal P.O. Box 2596 Raleigh, N.C. 27602 U.S.A.	Karen Batton 1034 Bragg St. Raleigh, N.C. 27610, U.S.A.
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The Birth Of Hatred

I just re-read your last letter over again and as always, I certainly enjoy reading them and writing to you. I will tell you in this letter as to why I have so much hatred and bitterness in me today and everyday.

It all started in Guelph Reformatory in 1961 when a pig came to my cell and asked me what was bothering me. He already knew so he told me that my partner had been shipped out. He smiled evilly (to this day I hallucinate about this hack). I even hear his voice.

"You see, the superintendent gets a little worried when you rebellious ones start getting too chummy. So he breaks it up before there's any problems. Too bad ain't it? You guys were pretty thick. I bet you'll miss him."

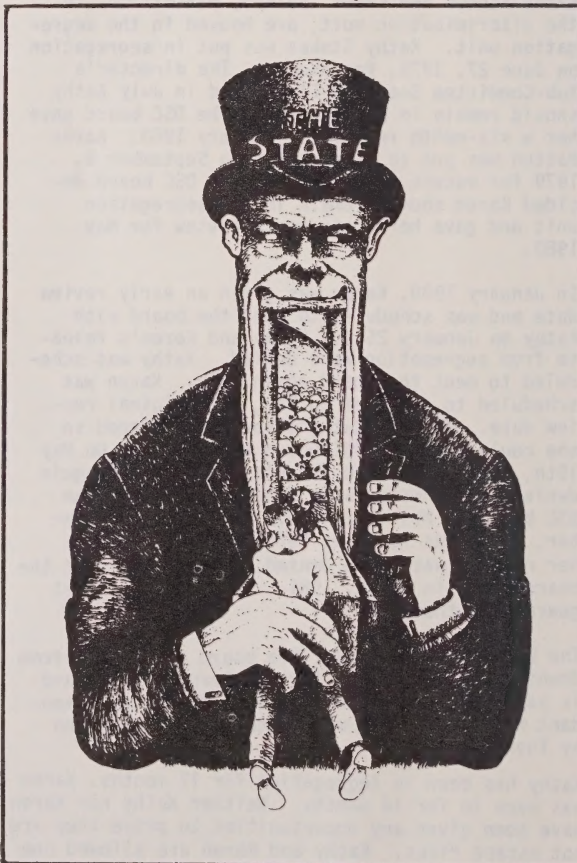
The pig laughed and went down the hall. That was 19 years ago and I see it as plain as if it were a year ago. My partner was killed by a beating the pigs put on him. When I was told two days later, I promised that I would get them or at least one of them.

I sat there on my cot, my fists clenching and unclenching, knowing that I would have it out with one of the pigs soon.

Allen had become more to me than even my brothers had been on the outside. He was my friend, my soulmate, my anchor to sanity. I loved him (not in a sexual way). Now, because of Allen giving me a reason to start looking forward to things again, the Superintendent had separated us. He was worried that maybe we were getting the smarts; can't have that if you're a prisoner. Right? Right!

At that time (like now) I felt a sudden white heat of anger encompassing my body, my mind and my soul. If a dumb brute was what they wanted me to be, well then I'd deliver it to them in spades.

Three days later, while I was going to the basement, I saw the Superintendent. I walked up to him and said that I would like to send a card and flowers for Allen. The request was denied. I started to walk away. I turned around and walked up to him, didn't say a word, belted



him, knocked him down, kicked him in the face. Then a guard snuck up and smashed my head with a club. The lights went out.

I woke up three days later, naked, bruised, head pounding, in isolation number one.

They started to work me over at different hours. Every time I'd fall asleep, they'd sneak in and bang, bang, bang. Another prisoner in isolation number one told me that they had started a raffle - how many blows from a stick would it take to knock me out?

There was a window in the ceiling of the cell which the hacks used as an observation point. When I had finally fallen into a doze of exhaustion, they would tiptoe down, sneak in and bang, they would hit me with a club. One prisoner overheard a hack say, "I can knock him out with two or three blows". He would come in and take his shots. The others would watch to see if I was conscious or stirring or what.

They made an animal of me. I screamed gibberish at them, cursed them, and tried to get at them. The spittle would be coming out of my mouth, dribbling down. I cursed the hacks, their families, their fathers and mothers, and everyone else I could think of. I'd try to rip the door out to get them. The prisoner who was beside me in isolation number one told me one day to go to sleep and when he heard them coming he would bang on the wall. I later ended up marrying his sister.

They used to laugh. It was a big joke for them. They'd watch me rave, collapse and then they would come sneaking in again. (My six man fell asleep.) Bang, bang, bang, and out they'd go. All this because I struck their Superintendent.

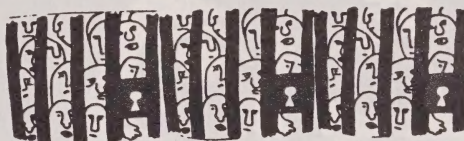
My time in isolation came to three years. (I was doing two years less a day, plus another two years less a day.*) First there was thirty days in the strip cell on bread and water. Then they started to feed me a hot meal every third day; then every two days. After a few weeks I was put into isolation number two, where I could have clothes and smokes. I got regular meals, could shave, had a sink and toilet.

After three years, I got out of isolation. But these were only the first three years in my cycle of total rebellion. I kept going back to isolation, kept getting into trouble.

At times my situation actually drove me crazy. One day I casually decided to break up my cell. I pulled the sink out of the wall as if it was paper, ripped out the toilet and smashed it against the door, then stood there very

sedately while the goon squad, the guys who really went to work on me, came down. I casually looked at them as if to say, "What the hell are you doing?" The water was flowing out from the toilet and sink, all the pipes were busted, and I was leaning there smoking a cigarette, as if there was really nothing wrong.

They hit me with knock-out gas, and I woke up in a padded observation cell in the psychobin. I looked around and said, what the hell am I doing up here? How'd I get up here? I couldn't imagine.



The nurse, who wasn't a bad soul, came up and asked me, "You don't remember what happened?". Then she told me what I had done.

I told her that it wasn't true. I didn't go out of my mind.

She said, "Let's say it was a temporary loss of sanity" because I ripped out the sink, toilet and bed. She asked me how the hell did I twist it the way I did. The bed frame looked like a cyclone hit it against a stone wall or something.

I didn't remember this at all, but too many prisoners told me about it. I had to accept it. Naturally it was the talk of the prison.

The Superintendent wanted the psychiatrist to commit me to the psycho-bin, but the prison psychiatrist wouldn't do it. In a week I was back out in the population looking for the Superintendent.

Every year at this time, I write about the beatings I have had by the pigs because tonight is the eve of Allen's death at the hands of the pigs, fucking, dirty, swine pigs. I will write about the time they almost killed me, but thanks to a doctor, I beat them. But Allen was alone. I send flowers and a card to his family and have a very good relationship with his family. He was the best friend that I ever had in this world.

Your's in struggle and
solidarity,
Brian La Freniere

*In Canada, prisoners do federal time if they get a sentence of two years or more. A sentence less than two years such as "two years less a day" will send them into the provincial system.

Cries For Help Ignored

I am an inmate at the Millhaven Maximum-Security Penitentiary serving six years for arson. I am presently 20 years old and I am one of the victims in a penitentiary that should in reality be in a psychiatric facility instead. I have spent all my teenage years in various mental hospitals including Penetang Oak-Ridge Maximum-Security Hospital which is reserved for the criminally insane and people with serious mental problems. I was transferred out of Penetang to the Regional Psychiatric Centre at the



Oswaldo Guayasamin,

former Kingston Penitentiary. The only reason I was transferred out of Penetang is because I am doing penitentiary time and Penetang is very reluctant to detain people in their facilities who are doing pen time. However it was stated that I was deemed extremely mentally disturbed and also a manic depressive and should therefore be returned to Penetang to determine whether or not I would be able to function as a responsible and capable citizen in the community. This has occurred to many people I have come into contact with, and these people have been in Penetang for many years after their time expired. This similar situation will happen to me unless I do something about it. The thing is I have but the penitentiary authorities are completely ignoring my requests for a return transfer to a psychiatric facility now, not when my time is up.

I want the assessment or treatment now so that I can straighten things out and therefore be mentally capable of surviving in the community when my time expires. It certainly doesn't make too much sense doing it the other way but that's the way the authorities prefer to do things. I don't think that's right. I was transferred out of Kingston Penitentiary to Warkworth Medium-Security Institution in Peterborough. I was strongly recommended for a return transfer to a psychiatric facility by the chief psychiatrist and two psychologists. I was supposed to go and nothing happened for eight months and I naturally would start to grow impatient. I told these people many times verbally that I wanted to return to the Mental Hospital and they never listened. I got into some trouble at Warkworth and I was transferred to Collins Bay Penitentiary. I was also strongly recommended for a return transfer to a psychiatric facility there too. I was then transferred to Joyceville Institution. I got into serious trouble in Joyceville and was heavily and strongly recommended for a return transfer to a mental health facility. Instead I was being transferred to Millhaven Penitentiary. I was told there was a bed shortage at the Regional Psychiatric Centre and the transfer to Millhaven was only temporary. I have been in Millhaven for almost a year now and am still waiting to be returned to a psychiatric facility. I only have ten months left to serve of my six year sentence and I have been waiting one and a half years already just to be returned to R.P.C. for a lousy assessment and I am still waiting.

Since I came to the penitentiary I have learned to be extremely disrespectful and hostile towards the staff and authorities and constantly and deliberately disobeying the rules and regulations and always seeking revenge. I have mutilated my arms many times and I have scars to prove it. I have physically acted out in the pen and physically assaulted a few people with weapons because the authorities would completely ignore me verbally so I have to take physical action. Note: The authorities then wonder why people behave the way they do. All they are doing is deliberately stalling my transfer to a psychiatric hospital because of what Penetang said. I look at things this way: if they can stall the return transfer for one and a half years already, what



is to prevent them from stalling the return transfer for another 10 months and then return me to a psychiatric facility for a so-called assessment and then keep me there for years to come? It has happened to many people and there is nothing to prevent the same thing from happening to me. It is not true when I am told there are not enough beds available at R.P.C. because I have seen many guys go ahead of me to R.P.C. while I am here in Millhaven and these guys are older than myself (like almost twice my age) and much more capable of surviving in here than I am. Yet they are over there and I am sitting in here getting more mentally deranged every day. There is not a day that goes by that I don't feel like doing very serious physical harm to myself and I have mentioned this to the authorities and they do nothing but make matters a lot worse. They just ignore everything. Everything I say or do. Instead of me getting better I am getting worse. Worse than I have ever been in my life.

#3138 Mr. Thomas Logan
Millhaven Penetentiary

Is This The Humane Way?

continued from page 12

And they are not allowed any contact whatsoever with American prisoners. They have lodged numerous complaints with guards/administration but nobody cares (they are the "new niggers"). So last week, out of sheer desperation they tore G-1 apart. Toilets, sinks, electrical wiring, and windows were smashed. They literally destroyed G-1. In answer to laws being broken, the "master" (warden) sent in his police (the guards), most of whom are well over 6 feet and weigh over 200lbs., against men who's average height is 5 ft. 5 inches. The guards were all riot equipped with shields, helmets, batons, gas, gas-masks and other "protective gear". I was told by prisoners who are repairing G-1 that the place was covered with blood. After the attack on the Cubans, they were transferred to other isolated places in the prison. Some were sent to N-2, an isolated

hospital ward. The guard in charge of the Cubans is a little ruthless racist punk (Officer Ruckshaw), who enjoys tormenting people. I mention this punk because he is responsible for the Cubans getting another beating and being injected with Prolexin. One day last week this little punk came into the Physiotherapy room and gave us several fish dinners. A few hours later while I was on the first floor, I heard the Cubans yelling and breaking out windows in their cells. I happened to go to the second floor and I saw guards beating on one Cuban who looked to be about 14 years old. Upon seeing me, some of the guards rushed to the locked door and told me to leave.

The next day I was told by another prisoner that the fish dinners given to us by the little racist punk guard, actually belonged to the Cubans. This punk was bored and wanted excitement. So he gave the Cubans' food away, knowing they would protest. And also knowing that there wasn't anybody who would be able to translate their protest.

It's a little late but I'm protesting the beating and drugging of these Cubans. They have committed no crimes in the country and yet they are deprived of their "freedom" and beaten and treated worse than animals. I'm also protesting the forced drugging of my comrade, Anthony J. Pina, at Walpole State Prison. Tony and I have been comrades ever since I entered Walpole. Recently the Administration had him sent to Bridgewater State Hospital because he was working on a suit on my behalf. The suit was to be sent to the United Nations.

I ask you all to support prisoners, we are yesterday's citizens, we are human beings like you. The way things are out in the communities, many of you could be prisoners tomorrow. We've all got to support each other, against our common enemy, this capitalist system which perpetuates racism, sexism, exploitation, and every form of madness known and unknown to us. You all out there are prisoners too, you just don't realize it yet. Put away personal differences and come together to fight this monster which is killing people all over the world...UNITE!

In closing, I send you all my revolutionary love,
A lota continua,
your comrade,
.....Parky....



On The Run

I would like to discuss the idea of the help that is needed by prisoners when they are on the run. For reasons other than the obvious selfish ones that I may have - before I was ever faced with the situation myself I had discussed the possibilities with other prisoners. It is a stone cold fact that the hardest part of escaping is not the actual escape - getting over the fence or wall or whatever, though that may be difficult at times - it is what one must do after.



Usually one finds himself in a position where one must get some money fast - if only for travelling purposes. This of course leads to the necessity of some kind of crime - which means heat - which an escaper should be avoiding. At least it will probably lead to an association with people who for some reason or another have heat on them.

I know I'm stating the obvious here but surprisingly enough I have seen many beautifully planned and executed escapes thwarted by a seemingly careless or thoughtless crime committed by the ex-prisoner. This is what happened to me. Not that I have anything against certain types of 'crime' if it achieves the proper purpose. In my case this time it didn't.

I will say that even knowing or being aware of all this beforehand didn't prevent me from being caught. The biggest problem I had here in the USA was the lack of I.D. - mostly this was due to ignorance because I've found out that phony I.D. is easily

obtainable, especially in California. The second thing of course is money - even though I had some **help** - it wasn't enough. Even so - with very **little** money - with the proper I.D. one could get by. The better the I.D., the easier it is to get by.

So if one were to start a little project on these lines, I would suggest checking out the various methods of obtaining phony I.D. and if nothing else keep the information handy for anyone who needs it. Here in California, and in many states, it is semi-legal to use names other than your legal own. There is a book called The Paper Trip published in LA that gives a pretty good run down on the various ways of getting lost with another name. Underground book-stores in LA or SF could get that book for interested people as a starter. I don't have anything right now about phony I.D.s in Canada, except that they are hard to find. I think one would have to have a good counterfeit set-up for S.I.N. cards, driver's licences and birth certificates, as well as access somehow to S.I.N.s that one could actually use to get welfare etc. How this could be done in Canada, I don't know. I'm sure there must be a way - if someone looked hard enough.

Another thing outside supporters could do would be to establish some sort of safe houses. This is essential for the first few days at least. Of course establishing contact and credibility with potential escapees is paramount. If no one feels they can trust you they're not going to go to your safe house.

I'm sure that I'm not helping too much in the way of information and generally I'm stating the obvious - but I repeat - it seems to be these obvious things that 'we' overlook. Maybe someone will be helped.

Right now my status here is uncertain. I have an immigration hold on me and I'm to be sentenced on November 14th for assault with a deadly weapon - not as bad as it sounds. The maximum is four years. I was originally charged with armed robbery but my lawyer plea-bargained that down - of course the D.A. is aware of my status as an escaped Canadian prisoner with outstanding charges in Canada. I think they are going to tap me on the wrist and turn me over to Canada for whatever. But I'm not out of it until I'm out of it - I'm still learning - and if there is no other way - I'll be trying again - armed this time with a little more knowledge, knowing a little bit more and knowing some more people - its far from hopeless - believe that.

Responses To Tunnel Vision

Dear Comrades:

I just finished reading the Bulldozer and would like to offer some general comments on same.

First of all, with regard to the article "Anarchist Misconceptions": While in general agreement with the central thrust of the article, I do not support the notion of exchanging one form of tunnel vision for another. It is of course true that not enough attention has been given to extra-legal forms of prisoner support work, but it does not necessarily follow that legal forms of such work should be tossed overboard. The movement must develop on at least two levels, legal and illegal, neither of which can be effective without the other. Mass work is not aimed at making the prisons more comfortable places to live, but rather to organize prisoners into the overall struggle for democratic rights, including the right of a people to overthrow a government not serving their interests. While reforms are gained as a result of these efforts, as a by-product, the objective is to gain the space necessary to prepare for the next round of the struggle. It is our rights to organize, educate, and defend ourselves that is of central importance. Moreover, if everyone said to hell with the struggle on the inside - arbitrarily branding it as reformist - there would be no context in which revolutionary cadre are developed. In addition to the struggle on the inside being a school for revolutionaries, it also allows advanced people on the outside to know who is worthy of liberation. It has been my experience that people who do not fight back on the inside don't fight when released either. The author of the article should have emphasized the need for more focus on armed or extra-legal work without downgrading the importance of mass work.



One other more or less critical comment, and that is that photographs of liberated POWs should not be published in revolutionary journals unless there is good reason to do so. Anyway, that was my thought when I saw your picture of Assata Shakur on page 26 (Arm The Spirit, who should know better, did the

same thing some months ago). Otherwise the entire issue was outstanding.

Okay, that is enough for today. I'll be looking to hearing from you before too long. I am, incidentally, a Marxist rather than an anarchist, but I doubt that will be any problem for a long time to come. Bye for now....

Love and struggle,
Edward Allen Mead



The Law (Which Is Not Concerned With Truth And Justice)

There is no failure to communicate,
no misunderstanding on my part.
I understand.

The profit and property -
some call it the Bourgeois mentality -
prevails on every level of Society.
Civilization reeks of it.

And I,
I am only one man caught up in it's madness,
it's sadness,
but it's alright -
I'll get over it.
They -

They must live with it
all their lives .

I never wanted it -
don't want it now.

If I am to suffer for that refusal I can only say to myself that pain is but a sure sign that one is alive, and if they kill me for my refusal I can only accept the fact that death is but the greatest liberation.

Carl Harp

Responses To Tunnel Vision

I read the article on Tunnel Vision. I wanted to tell you that I do like the article and agree with it, as far as it goes.

I have some further thoughts on the subject, based on my own experience. When I first got into prison work, about seven years ago, I had some very romantic ideas. I saw myself, for example, as a potential link in a "Pole Star" route, a la one of the minor followers (a white one) of Harriet Tubman. I even began to act on this notion as the opportunities came up.

I learned first, the obvious: be leary of drunks and junkies. I think Harriet did not have as much chemical dependency to deal with in her time as we have now.

And second, I learned what was not obvious to me, in advance: trustworthy people always talk. I can think of about 20 very specific examples to share with you - and of course I have no intention of sharing them. Trustworthy people may talk, but at least sometimes they can avoid writing it all down. (No, these were not 20 escapes I was involved in - the point is that I wasn't involved.) Let's say, just to get the idea, that once upon a time a woman I did not know at all, and who may not have even known my name, came into a hotel room and began talking a lot about a certain topic. She was not talking to me, but I was in the room, almost a part of the conversation - on the next bed over. This woman was at that time somebody's girlfriend. To say the least I was appalled at such talk. Later there was talk of a snitch. In my opinion there was no need for a snitch.

Well, so much for practice. I also have some theoretical notions. Namely, that the underground railroad did not put an end to slavery.

If we focus on one person: a loved one, a well-known revolutionary, oneself - it's different. "Free (blank)!!!" Then when (blank) is freed, we can go on to something else.

If you can't focus that sharply, you will never achieve your goal and go on to something else: there are still hundreds of thousands of lives at stake. It is an overwhelming (crushing) responsibility, thought of one escape at a time. After several attempts (and some successes) the prison-worker's emotions (and resources) are drained.

And, by now, folks are beginning to be captured and you're back where you started.

I got enmeshed, instead of "getting people out", with "keeping people out". After a while I couldn't tell the difference between the ones who got out in a revolutionary manner and the ones who waited passively for the parole board. In general, people do not stay out. I started asking myself, "Is

this short period of out-time worth it?" Maybe it is - but the goal has changed. I am not freeing people from prison, I am getting people furloughs.

It is a tradition among medicine people/healers to ask of the ill or injured one: "Do you want to be well?" and, "Why?" Only if these questions are answered satisfactorily - and not just in words - will the healer attempt the healing. And it is not sufficient to say, "Because it hurts!"

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH OUR HEALTH/FREEDOM? Without a purpose, the operation may be a success. But the patient will die.

Jane

"It is not enough to be good - be good for something!"
- Edgar Cayce



The Rose Of Dresden

8th Day, First Snow Moon
At Home

I just received your letter of the 14th, and it was really welcome to hear from you and receive the criticism of the BULLDOZER piece. Certainly I know it was rife with naiveté and trite clichés; it is a pleasure to respond to the useful criticisms of the piece.

I feel like Russell Means must feel after reading the M/L comments in Akwasasne Notes from V.V. Rowe, editor of Sanity Now (and others) about Russell's article in the Late Summer issue -- August 1980 -- entitled "Marxism Is A European Tradition". It would help if I explained that I hoped to limit the audience for my "Message" to the few hundreds of thousands of prisoners in the jails and prisons of the state of mind known to the Lakota as Wasi'chu, which means roughly "takers of the fat" or simply "the Greeds". This concept is ably and amply explicated upon by Roberto Maestros and Bruce Johansen in Wasi'chu: The Continuing Indian Wars. (Monthly Review Press -- 1979) I don't want to get tangled up in this, but at the same time I would like for folks to realize that I am not referring to white folks in particular in reference to race but rather to the dominant cultural values which equate policeman mentality in the masses with goodness and right, leaving the masses with an almost total lack of political awareness. Certainly, I realize that it is actually a question of a battle of classes in the M/L conceptual scheme but in my place I can deal only with the realities of what is -- not what I wish it were. What it is in my place is a few hundred thousand poor in the slam, not necessarily because they are poor, per se, but because they refuse to compromise with a system that devours humanity by its very existence. The system which views science as an undisputed social good while failing to realize that the impersonal social processes lumped together under the label of technological "progress" are destroying the land base of indigenous peoples by ripping off our land and mineral resources in order to get "their" energy resources from our tiny remaining land base. My people are in danger of becoming extinct and this fact would not be altered whether the economic system was capitalist or communist; it is at the crossroads of science itself that the danger presents itself for my people and we intend to resist that danger to the last. Cultural genocide and physical genocide are one and the same. Assimilation is a form of genocide because those who are assimilated are no longer a part of the people and are working for the police and governments to overcome their own people. We are not a minority; we are a distinct race with our own language, cultural and traditional values which radically differ from the oppressor nation and the rest of the world. According to Stalin's definition 26.



in The National Question we don't qualify as a nation because our land boundaries are not contiguous and other reasons, but I'll save that discussion for a letter because my views on that would fill too many pages and that is not what I want to discuss at this time.

I can only speak for myself -- and I realize I would be in prison whether the economic system were capitalist or communist -- because I refuse to compromise myself to any authoritarian structure and wherever I am I shall encourage others to do the same. My views can only be considered when they are placed within the limited context which spawned them. You see, I will never be free. I will die in prison, without question, so those of you who have knowledge and ability to exist in the world outside these confines need ponder WHAT IS TO BE DONE out there, and in the meantime I shall continue to contribute what I believe to be valid for those in my situation. My people on the reservations face the same problems I do because they are virtually incarcerated in concentration camps. The simplistic dichotomy of policemen/people is valid in here and I think it is also valid on the reservations. "Technological Progress" is going to spell the final destruction of my people unless they hurry up and start another war with another victim to exploit for the energy resources they pretend to need so badly.

It would be unrealistic for me to be expected to relate to the dominant culture that subjugated my people with a lack of rage and frustration. Rage because of the continuation of so-called Indian policies that are intended to lead to genocide; frustration because I am totally unable to contribute to the struggle for our very existence that continues unabated in this country. I can change nothing, nothing but the consciousness of a small number of people because of spending the rest of my life in a maximum-security prison, but I am not foolish enough to believe that rebellion would not be crushed more rapidly and completely under communism than it is under this greedy, rapacious capitalist system. They have said before that I am a national chauvinist which in their eyes is counter-revolutionary and if I am, so be it, but I fail to see how I can view it any other way -- first my people, then the world.

This country has already proved they would destroy the world before they would give it up (Hiroshima & Nagasaki), by what they have never had to witness is 100 serious rebels in the United States. With all its Hydrogen and Cobalt bombs it could be brought to its knees, but it will never happen because folks are too busy sitting around discussing theory and failing to act in any way that might bring them into true confrontation with the powers that be. It's too easy to go along with what is.

Certainly I expected that enormous numbers of conventional ideologues would be offended by my "message" and, indeed, it could be no other way, but it should be remembered that the "message" is to the "Honorable Court" of the United States of America which represents a particularly diseased entity that, to my mind, is beyond redemption. Naturally, I would not expect one who does not reject white privilege and the evil inherent in the system to reject his/her own parents. Fortunately, I have never had to make that choice because it was made for me at birth. I have safely been relieved of the obligation simply because there have never been any ruling class, middle class or even upper lower class folks in my background so I have never had to toy with the knotty problem of whether my people were evil or decide whether they fit the criteria of "the enemy" because they aren't and don't, but it surely must be clear to the writer of the criticism that they could very well be his/her enemy (although) only my people could answer that question. Personally I believe they would have much more in common than in conflict.

I readily admit to being an absurd person living in an absurd world. I have safety, comfort and relative security living my life out in these jails of Greed but even so I can't be complacent about it -- I still feel it is my duty to teach rebellion against all manner of authority & government wherever I be.

My beliefs and feelings, no matter how absurd, are based on a life filled with unusual experiences and I claim to be no leader, hero or philosopher. I

The Bellow's Education

The resounding echoes
of wasted time
deteriorates these halls.
Like the smell
of death,
it surrounds me.

Listening, everything
becomes military...
"That's an order!"
The army boots...
clomp...clomp...

"Send her to the brig!"
These dingbats
bellow like
on television.

Of course, that's
the bellow's
education.
They get no
training here.



Karen Batton

think leaders suck, heroes are dead or in jail and philosophers seldom act. It has been my experience that we can only measure people by their acts unless their theories contribute to moving others to action, but to spend a lifetime discussing the ideas of dead folks -- to my mind -- neither changes or effects "reality" however one perceives it. Let's just remember the key words in "message" are "For me" -- the first two words of the article. What is real "For me" is the only reality there is and the same thing is true of you and every other human mammal organism with warm blood on the face of this planet.

I am not without a small amount of influence in a limited circle but I am no part of a "leader" as I said before. I neither preach nor proselytize on behalf of my crackpot theories but I will write books and share my ideas with those who have the tenaciousness to seek me out and the capacity for boredom to listen long enough to grasp my rather curious views, however, I impose my ideas on no one. It is probably fortunate for the world that the only place one can learn my ideas (for whatever evil or merit they possess) is right here at the federal prison at Terre Haute -- or whatever concentration camp I happen to be in. It must be remembered the "message" is addressed to prisoners who are suffering literal rather than figurative oppression in humankind's most malignant inventions: the prison (or on the concentration camps called Indian Reservations). The more time a prisoner is serving the more likely he is to agree with my ideas. Richard M. Nixon, does not live in an oppressive society and one of the critics of my "message" seems to be unsure if the society he lives in is "oppressive" -- and if that critic

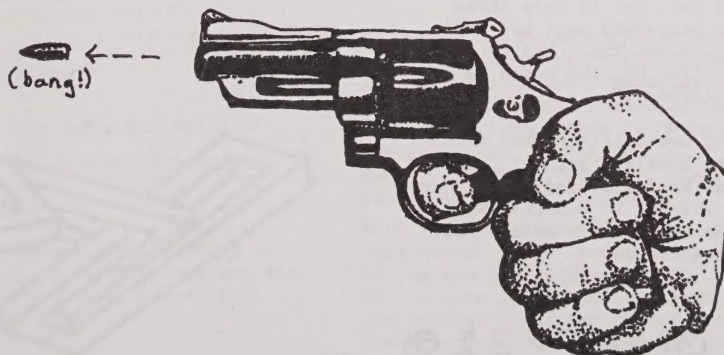
doesn't notice it then for my critic the society is not "oppressive" (because believe me, if you live in an oppressive society, you'll be the first to notice). When one lives out his/her life in a spiritual wastebasket called a "prison" where survival from day to day is an event to be celebrated and growth in the midst of the repugnant decay is a miracle not unlike the rose that survived the firebombing of Dresden, then one does not have to wonder if s/he is living in an oppressive society: one knows!

To change the subject just a bit... sometime during June of 1979 Judy Bissell & Leslie Mullen of the L.A. 5 wrote an article that appeared in Arm The Spirit the prisoner newspaper out of California. The article was entitled L.A. Colonial Violence. The co-authors are two sisters whom I respect very much; the article was well-written and of the utmost interest, but the experiences described by the article are as alien to me as if they were telling me about something that took place on the moon. The gist of the piece was about the life in the Sybil Brand Institute (The Women's Prison in the California prison business). They told about how they were in the process of converting the Black women to M/L thinking when suddenly their tank was invaded by several white Nazi biker mamas who immediately proceeded to usurp their powers and take the women converts on a dope, fuck and fun trip which the women seemed to devour and sort of left the Weather Underground women feeling short-changed. Shortly after the Nazi cum bikers came the jailers ordered the women that in the future they would be required to stand by their beds in order to receive their food trays. The Nazi women immediately bucked and told the police to get fucked and they agitated the other women to act in concert with them. Judy & Leslie and their converts to M/L politics (or whatever) refused to join the protest because they believed it served no purpose, was infantile and counter-productive. They were very principled, in my view, but dead wrong. Comrade George made it very clear to me that if they tell you to stand up to receive your breakfast tray you fight back. You all fight back. If the Nazis buck the police for any reason when you are

all in the hole in prison everybody bucks. That is the reality of being in prison where they can do anything to you that you can't stop them from doing. They can kill the Nazis, but it would be a bit much to try and explain why everybody is dead (and besides, even some policemen have sense enough to realize that if they kill all the prisoners... their paychecks will stop).

I have no love for Nazis, but I do have a commitment to unity and survival. Judy & Leslie said disciplinary procedures consisted of loss of privileges such as loss of visits (gad), phone calls (great scott), reading materials and cigarettes confiscated (!), loss of use of the TV room (the brutes!?!). Actually I don't mean to be facetious but I have simply never been in such a place. Where they put me punishment consists of poison gas (CS, CN & MACE a/k/a Federal Streamer), beatings and death. Judy graduated with a Fine Arts degree from the U. of Penn. in 1967; Leslie is the daughter of a retired Air Force colonel Peace KKKorps member in Afrika and she attended the U. of Washington. I don't mean to put them down because of their background (which would never allow the system that their parents are in to do bad things to them simply because they are not the children of the poor), but the point I am so laboriously trying to make is this: I love and support these people but we do not look out windows of even remotely similar experiences. The L.A. Five is back on the streets now -- even Clayton Van Lydegriff. Bernadine Dohrn, Bill Ayers and Mark Rudd, to name only a few are alive and kicking and are on the streets or soon will be and it is all due to their background. I know they can't help their background any more than I can help mine but that's the way things are.

Sophiscated M/L politics are fine in theory if the police just deny you time in the TV room and fuck your visits around, but if you ever wake up in the belly of the beast -- I mean in the bowels of the monster -- you better seriously consider the dichotomy of cops and robbers and save your intellectual constructs for when you get out -- if ever. If you're never gonna get out -- like



I'm never gonna do -- then the name of the game is survival without prostituting your principals which are radically different from people who have never lived true repression where they may take your life as the price of retaining your principals. Try and touch as many people as possible who are going to get out and hope the Spirit of Total Resistance will make Lion Warriors out of them.



The strongest and most effective political alliance I have ever known was comprised of two original peoples, a Sunni Muslim, A member of the World Community of Islam, A member of the Black Guerilla Family, A member of the BLA, A Mexican, A Chicano and nine whites, two of whom were members of the Aryan Brotherhood, the rest being M/L, anarchist and just plain old mean lumpen. The only thing we had in common is we were all poor people who had the heel of the police too long on our heads. Not all of us prisoners are very smart but we can usually tell when the man is just fucking over us. The reality we face in jail is that there are few folks who are going to survive on correct political lines and the only rallying cry with any possibilities is "Come Together!" and "Let's get the policemen's foot off our collective heads!"

This may sound a little strange, but if the policeman is going to deal out any misery I want to be sure and get my issue and if he brings the food cold and everybody wants it hot, the policemen are going to have to wade through all the cold food on the floor until they decide they want to bring it hot. But if only three out of, say, eighteen prisoners want hot food, those three are going to get their brains scrambled by colonial violence. "FOR ME, the world is divided into a very simple dichotomy;"

Glad you told me about Oct 5 letter. Had been "misplaced" along with booklets but all three plus letter retrieved. Encls. listed separate page. Everything I send is for you to publish, edit or throw away. I sent the Parky Piece before but obviously it didn't get there.

Take care, bro. -- In Spirit,

Standing OBER 23 20

Fuck You

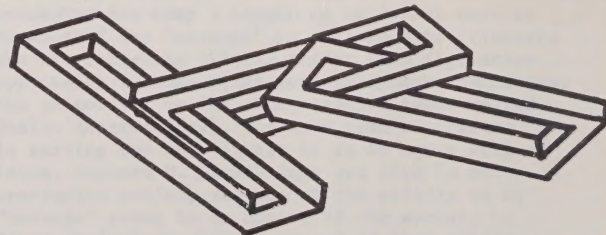
Fuck you
I'll write what I want,
how I want,
For this is my poetry!
Let me cry my tears,
smile my smiles
smash my anger,
and laugh my laughter
in my own words,
as I leave you
to your words;
but then I still remember
we are different poets.

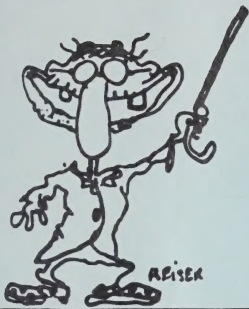
Freddie Jo Morry
Archimbault

Dreams

I turned and saw you sleeping soundly
in the pale moonlight
Longing to reach out and touch you
To relive the wonderful togetherness
that we had shared so many times
before.
You awoke and reached towards me
Gathering me into your arms
Making me feel the warmth and
security of them.
Lying next to you
The sensation building to a passionate
height
Giving way to total content
Suddenly I awake to the stillness
of the night.
Recalling my dream
The cold confines of my cell bring
all reality rushing back to me.
The echoes of the night haunt me
Making me realize that once again my
Dreams have played a cruel joke on me.
Slowly I fall back to slumber
With thoughts of you

Gypsy Chaboyer
Kingston





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The following publications from inside Canadian prisons are all highly recommended. They continue publication under alot of "official" pressure. Send a dollar for a sample copy.

The Communicator
Box 2140
SpringHill
N.S.
BOM 1X0
\$6 for 6 issues

The Odyssey Newsletter
Millhaven Penitentiary
Box 180
Bath, Ont.
KOH 1G0
\$4 for 6 issues

Tocsin
c/o The John Howard Society
Collins Bay Penitentiary
Box 190
Kingston, Ont.
K7L 4V9

Tightwire
c/o Kingston Prison for Women
Box 515
Kingston, Ont
K7L 4W7



Through the fire

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"The outspoken voice of the psychiatric inmate"

Anyone who is doing work or research relating to young people and incarceration etc, please contact. Calla, c/o 2810 Grandview Hwy., Vancouver, B.C.

Native Americans are holding a major conference at the White Earth Indian Nation in Minnesota June 4 to June 11. Environmental and prison issues are amongst the topics to be discussed. This conference is open to non-natives. More information can be gotten by writing to P.O.B. 481, White Earth, MN, 56591, USA. Phone 218-983-3285

Love and Rage: Entries in a Prison Diary, by Carl Harp covers the period from 30 August 1979 (San Quentin) to 11 January 1980 (Walla Walla). Available from Pulp Press Box 3868 MPO Vancouver, B.C. Canada. \$3.95

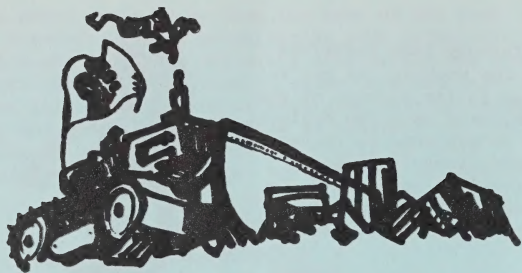
"The Politics of Crime" by Ed Mead, currently in prison in Florence, AZ is a very precise and articulate analysis of street crime and prison organising. Available from Red Lily distributors, Box 141, Woodbury, TN 37190

Black Cat Press, Box 11261, Edmonton, Alta, Canada T5S 2Y6 has a variety of books of a serious theoretical nature free to any prisoner for the asking. Write for information.

The newest issue of The Anarchist Black Dragon, containing articles by anarchist prisoners as well as general prison news is now available free to prisoners. Donations appreciated but not necessary for others. Write to: Solidarity Committee, P.O.B. 2, Station La Cite, Montreal, P.Q., Canada, H2W 2M9.

The following support groups have newsletters or pamphlets available. Write to Washington Prisoners' Journal, c/o United Friends and Family, P.O.B. 22094, Seattle, WA, USA 98122. Information on the aftermath of the Santa Fe uprising: Coalition for Prisoners' Rights, P.O.B. 1911, Santa Fe, N.M., USA 87501. Very good leaflets from WaCAP P.O.B. 22272, Seattle, WA, USA.

Very tentative plans are being formulated for a continental day of protest for later this summer. If you are planning something, please let us know. Or for more information as to what our thoughts are contact Bulldozer at our Box number. This would include both inside and outside actions.



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